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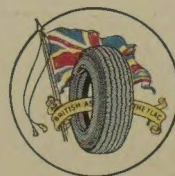
BRITISH CATHEDRALS

IONA

### *"The Lamp that Lighted Pagan Europe"*



The architecture of St. Mary's Cathedral, in the small landscapes of Iona, is almost stark. Mere curiosity will be content with the ancient graves and ruins. But to the faithful the simple walls enclose sacred ground, where "since the remotest days, sacrosanct men have bowed in worship. In this little isle a lamp was lit whose flame lighted pagan Europe . . . when the shadow of the sword lay upon all lands". Of the buildings erected by St. Columba and his faithful followers in 563, only a stone or two remain: the existing Abbey was founded in 1203, completely rebuilt about 1500 and restored from 1902 onwards. Happily, all this material work was carried out in a manner that preserved the spiritual heritage of the original — the church from which St. Columba sent out to a fierce world the gentle message of his bright faith.

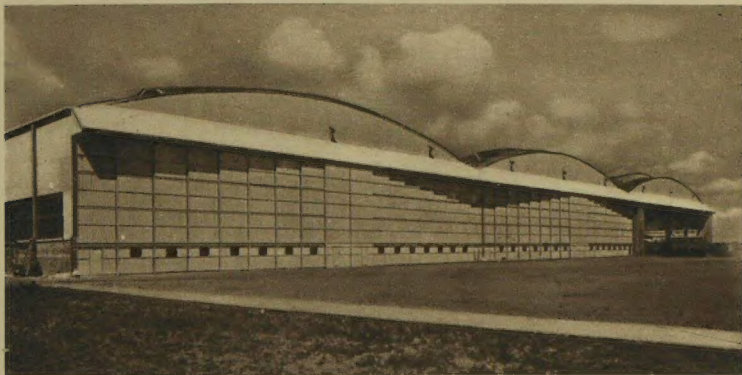


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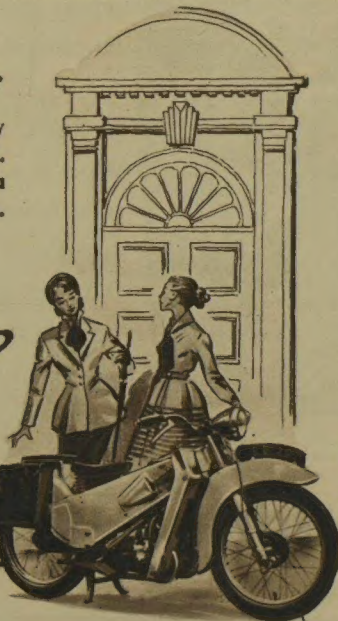
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## HEAD FIRST

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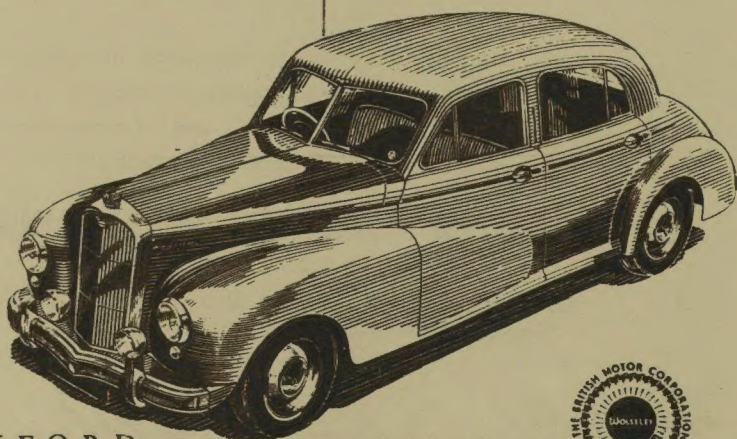


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## Oil AND THE 'CHRISTMAS TREE'

AT THE head of an oilwell there is a piece of equipment fitted with many gauges and valves to control the natural pressure of crude oil rising from deep down in the earth. This piece of equipment is known to oil men as a "Christmas Tree" because of its resemblance to the festive tree.

From the well flows the precious mineral in its crude form, which has to be treated before it can be employed by mankind. Often it becomes transformed out of all recognition. Paraffin wax is one of the end products of the refining process that bears small superficial resemblance to the dark fluid that was first won from the earth. Anglo-Iranian makes wax for a variety of uses—for insulating material in radios, for the packaging of foods and, of course, for the cheerful candles that light up the presents on the more familiar kind of Christmas Tree.

THE BP SHIELD IS THE SYMBOL OF THE WORLD-WIDE ORGANISATION OF

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1952.



THE FIRST PORTRAIT OF THE MOON BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST TELESCOPE: THE CRATER CLAVIUS, PHOTOGRAPHED BY MEANS OF THE 200-INCH HALE TELESCOPE AT PALOMAR OBSERVATORY, CALIFORNIA.

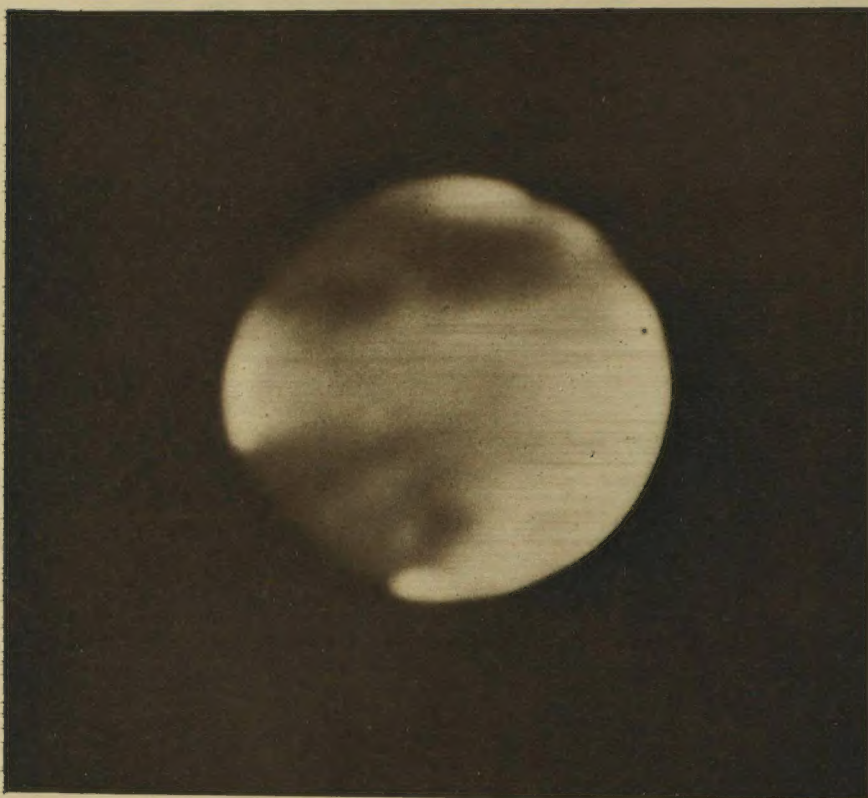
This photograph, one of the first set released by the California Institute of Technology and the Carnegie Institution of Washington, who with Mount Wilson Observatory, jointly operate the Palomar Observatory, was taken with the 200-in. Hale Telescope on October 2, 1950, in rare excellent conditions. Right across the centre is the large-walled crater, Clavius (150 miles across). Above and to the right is the crater Blaucanus. To the left and on the wall

surrounding Clavius are two smaller craters—the upper, Rutherford, and, lower, Porter (named after the late Mr. Russell W. Porter, who helped to design the Hale Telescope). The sun's light is shining from the right, and so the right sides of craters are in shadow. On the floor (centre) of Clavius are two small peaks, in which, naturally, the shadow is on the left. Other photographs taken with the telescope are reproduced overleaf.

Photograph by courtesy of Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories.



# LOOKING AT THE MOON AND THE PLANETS WITH THE WORLD'S LARGEST TELESCOPE: THEIR FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE 200-INCH HALE TELESCOPE AT PALOMAR OBSERVATORY.



THE PLANET MARS, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH THE 200-IN. TELESCOPE: THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE LEFT WAS TAKEN WITH A BLUE-SENSITIVE PLATE, WHICH SHOWS THE ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS; THAT ON THE RIGHT WITH A RED-SENSITIVE PLATE, WHICH PIERCES THE ATMOSPHERE AND RECORDS THE PERMANENT FEATURES OF THE PLANET. IN BOTH, THE LOWER ICE-CAP CAN BE CLEARLY SEEN. FURTHER IDENTIFICATIONS ARE GIVEN BELOW IN THE TEXT.



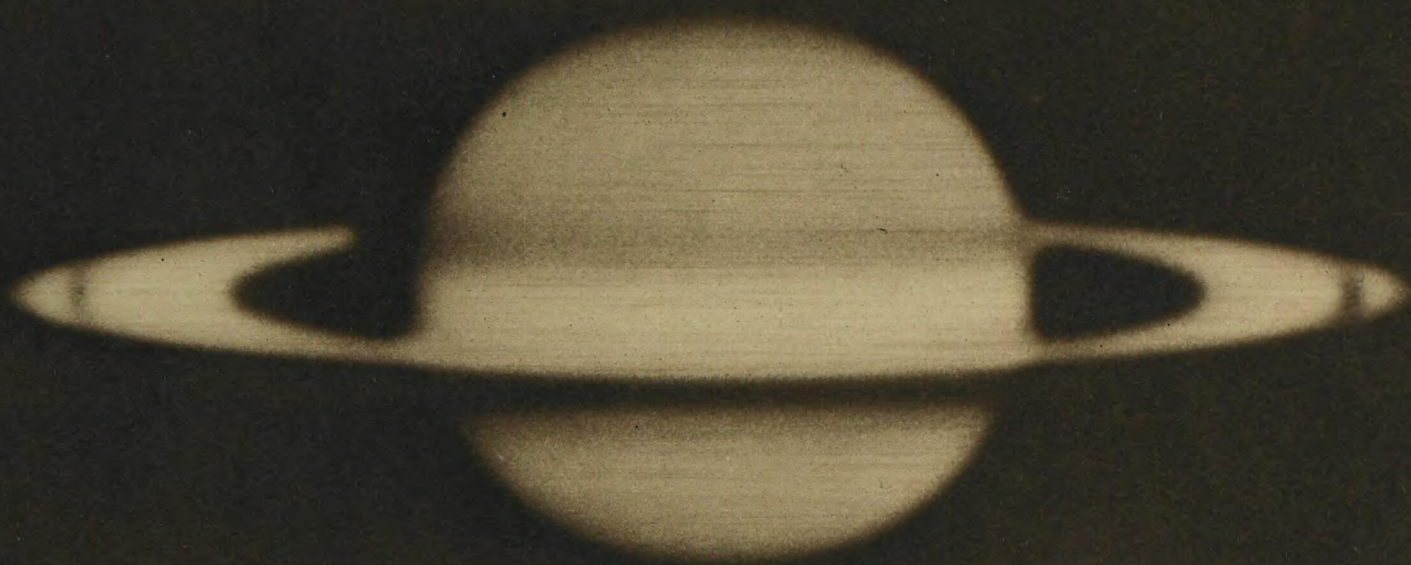
A BRILLIANTLY SHARP PHOTOGRAPH OF PART OF THE MOON'S SURFACE, SHOWING A REGION COVERED WITH MANY SMALL CRATERS. THE LARGE CRATER AT THE LOWER RIGHT IS COPERNICUS, ONE OF THE MOON'S BEST-KNOWN FEATURES. THE SUN IS SHINING FROM THE LEFT AND SHADOWS FALL TO THE RIGHT.

Here, and on our frontispiece, we show the first solar system photographs to be released taken with the world's largest telescope, the 200-in. Hale Telescope at the Palomar Observatory. This telescope was designed for the systematic study of far-off objects and can penetrate the cosmos to a depth of about 6000 million million miles; and its use for systematic study of the planets has been described as "as wasteful as using the ocean liner *United States* as a ferry-boat in New York Harbour." These photographs are therefore principally to satisfy public curiosity, and although they show known details on a larger scale they

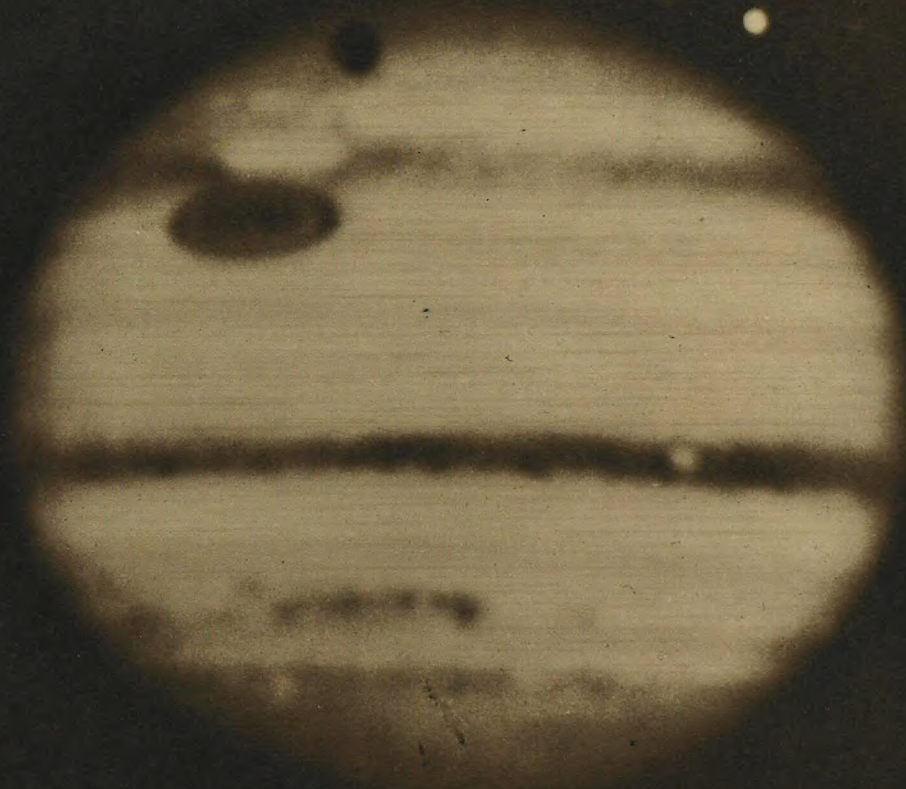
do not reveal more details than can be seen visually with smaller telescopes. Turbulence in the earth's atmosphere—the mixing of hot and cold air—makes it hard to get good photographs of heavenly objects, whether the telescope used is large or small. Astronomers are always concerned about "seeing," a term they use to estimate the steadiness and sharpness of the image, both of which vary with the degree of turbulence. "Seeing" has nothing to do with cloudiness and, oddly enough, the poorest "seeing" occurs on clear, windy, wintry nights when the stars twinkle brightly. Then the image dances wildly in the telescope,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF





SATURN : PHOTOGRAPHED IN NOT PARTICULARLY GOOD CONDITIONS, WITH THE FUZZINESS DUE TO TURBULENCE IN THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE. THE RING SYSTEM IS SLIGHTLY TILTED AND CASTING A SHADOW ON THE UPPER HALF OF THE PLANET. THE DARK MARKS AT THE ENDS OF THE RING SHOW ONE OF THE GAPS IN THE RING SYSTEM.



JUPITER : PHOTOGRAPHED WITH A BLUE-SENSITIVE PLATE. EVEN RED-SENSITIVE PLATES DO NOT PENETRATE JUPITER'S DENSE ATMOSPHERE. ON THE LEFT IS THE "GREAT RED SPOT" WITH, ABOVE, THE SHADOW CAST BY THE SATELLITE GANYMEDE, WHICH ITSELF APPEARS AS A BRIGHT SPOT ABOVE THE PLANET, RIGHT.

it is ill-defined and photographs are fuzzy. Good "seeing" occurs more often in late spring, summer and early autumn, and excellent "seeing"—needed to bring out the fine details of relatively near-by objects such as the planets—may occur on only a few nights during the year. Some of the details of the photographs of Mars, Saturn and Jupiter may be of interest. The left-hand view of Mars shows only atmospheric conditions, which vary with time. In the right-hand picture the dark area at the bottom is Mare Acidaliæ, the "finger" extending from it to the right being the Nilokeraus region terminating in Lunæ Lacus. The

dark area (top, left) is Sinus Sabæus, the larger dark area (top, right) being Erythræum Mare. Saturn's ring system is 171,000 miles across and only 10 miles thick and consists of three concentric rings of light-reflecting particles. Saturn takes thirty years to revolve round the sun, and during this period the rings are twice seen edge-on to the earth. The "Great Red Spot" on Jupiter, although atmospheric and moving about and occasionally disappearing, was first seen about a century ago. No explanation for it has been established. Ganymede, one of Jupiter's twelve known satellites, is rather larger than the planet Mercury.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THIS has been a year of change in post-war Britain—the year of a new reign and a new Government. It began in tragedy: with the untimely death of a beloved King who had reigned during some of the most perilous and eventful years through which this country has ever passed. His departure left a sense of personal loss in the hearts of all who had experienced those times; it was the loss not only of a Sovereign, but of a gallant and deeply-honoured leader and companion in adversity: one who, throughout his troubled reign, had been true to every instinct and resolve which Englishmen most respect in themselves and others. His selflessness, unflagging devotion to duty and cheerful courageousness, under what must have been in his last years almost constant weariness and pain, had continued to be a link—at times, it had seemed, almost the only link—between the high ideals of wartime and the laxer, lazier standards of an exhausted post-war period. He, at least, had never let his countrymen—living or dead—down. He “constant held the English heart,” and left it as a legacy to his successor

and her subjects. Now, we knew with his passing we had to make a new beginning and transmit, without his aid, the standards he had preserved to the future. It was, in a sense, a challenge to us, one which now, in 1953, we shall have to start to meet. The same is true of the new Government which took office just before 1952 began. A time of transition has passed with the year now dying: 1953, whatever it brings forth, must be a year of new beginnings.

It will, we believe and hope, bring a Coronation: a national birthday of re-dedication, when we shall rejoice with the whole of our great world-wide family at our young Queen's “sacring” and symbolic assumption of her tremendous task. As the fulfilment of that task depends not on her Majesty alone, but on every one of us, her subjects, it will be a time of self-dedication for all. Are we going to keep the Coronation only as a ceremony?—as a mere holiday of idle pageantry and rejoicing?—or are we going to make it what it should be, and what we all know our Queen will be endeavouring to make it for herself, a time of consecration to an ideal of harder work,

greater devotion and truer citizenship? A great deal is going to depend, not only in 1953 but thereafter, on the personal response every Briton makes to that question. Are, for instance, those set in authority by virtue of their public office going to resolve to rely less on their official status and sheltered economic position?—on that freedom from dismissal and security of pension that, rightly or wrongly, places them beyond those uncertainties as to personal income and provision for old age that perplex most other men, including the vast majority of those who, at whatever risk to themselves, have to earn the national livelihood? Are our Civil Servants, re-dedicating themselves to their great task in 1953, going to resolve that that task shall always be one of service, not mastery, and to strive, even at the cost of their own convenience and pride, to make it easier, not harder, for the national breadwinners to produce the goods and secure the markets on which the country's existence depends? And are the rank and file of us, as, in street or on television or in cinema, we watch our young Queen ride to her Coronation, going to resolve to work harder, not merely to get our salaries or wages with the minimum of trouble to ourselves, but in order to enrich the community of which we are a part, to create something worth making, and to render our country safer, better and stronger to fulfil the

noble ends we all wish to see her serve. And are those who represent us in Parliament and enjoy the great trust of ultimate decision with which, with many rewards and honours, we entrust them—honours richly deserved when that trust is truly fulfilled, but a mockery when it is not—going, in company with their Queen and Sovereign, to render themselves worthy of that trust by resolving to do the two things which can alone make them so: to place the public interest always above their personal political careers, and to perform the function that, above all others, is demanded of statesmen: to think hard, clearly and constructively. It has been the failure of politicians to do the last that, more than anything else, has been responsible for the state in which our society finds itself to-day. Sitting eternally in committee, attending meetings, conferences, luncheons and dinners, pontificating in platitudes before one audience after another, are the inevitable accompaniments of democratic and parliamentary government, just as wearing fine clothes and perpetual bowing are part of the business of courtiership. But they are not enough by themselves, for they can never supersede the need for clear, categorical and constructive thinking. It is the sole *raison d'être* of any system of government, whether a Court or Parliament, that it should produce such thinking.

“If we are a Christian nation,” wrote a great English poet and political philosopher in a very different age to ours, “We must learn to act nationally as well as individually as Christians. . . . Our manufacturers must consent to regulations; our gentry must concern themselves in the education of their national clients and dependents—must regard their estates as offices of trust with duties to be performed in the sight of God and their country. Let us become a better people, and the reform of all the public grievances will follow of itself.” What was true for landed magnates, and fox-hunting squires and farmers, and gradgrind northern capitalists and manu-

facturers, in the days of Samuel Taylor Coleridge is true, too, for Members of Parliament and Civil Servants and Trades Unionists, and broadcasters and journalists and film stars and

schoolmasters, and all kinds of privileged or responsible persons, in the vastly changed world of 1953. If they and we resolve, at the time of our Queen's Crowning, to do what Coleridge urged our great-great-grandfathers to do, we shall find that, whatever troubles and difficulties the New Year may bring, we, as a nation, shall find a way to overcome them. We cannot—let the prognosticators who read our stars in the Sunday newspapers say what they will—foretell

“what the Swede intend and what the French!”

Stalin and his short-lived friends in the People's Republics may have many a rod in pickle for us; so may the mysterious forces—or interests—which direct, over the heads of national governments, the flow of money and trade between nation and nation. But men and nations, though they cannot control the cards the Fates deal to them, can elect how they shall play them, and it is to prepare a people for such an election that a Coronation is designed. It should not only be our Queen who kneels before the altar next June to ask for a Divine blessing and favour to enable her to perform the service her country needs of her. It should, in spirit, be every one of us. Our survival as a people in the coming year, and for many years, may depend on our doing so, and not Britain's survival alone, but that of all the human ideals and beliefs for which throughout her history she has striven.

#### AN ACQUISITION FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND.



“THE LADIES WALDEGRAVE”; BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. (1723-1792), WHICH HAS BEEN PURCHASED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND WITH THE AID OF THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND.

The National Gallery of Scotland will be greatly enriched by the purchase, made with the aid of the National Art-Collections Fund, of the celebrated Reynolds group of “The Ladies Waldegrave,” painted for their great-uncle, Horace Walpole, in 1780-81. It still bears a label on the back in Walpole's hand giving the names of the sitters. They were Lady Elizabeth Laura Waldegrave (1760-1816; centre), who married her cousin, Lord Chewton, later fourth Earl Waldegrave; Lady Charlotte Maria Waldegrave (1761-1808; left), who married the Earl of Euston, later fourth Duke of Grafton; and Lady Anne Horatia Waldegrave (1762-1801; right), who married Admiral Lord Hugh Seymour. Walpole left the picture to his cousin, Mrs. Damer, from whom it was acquired by the sixth Lord Waldegrave in 1811. The widow of the seventh Earl left it to her fourth husband, Lord Carlingford, and in 1886 Daniel Thwaites bought it through Messrs. Agnew. It is from his grandson, Lord Alvingham, that it has been purchased. Lord Alvingham has stated that he is giving about half the proceeds of the sale to the Minister of Works' fund for the purchase of British paintings to decorate our Embassies and other public buildings abroad; and the remainder has been divided between the Artists' General Benevolent Fund and other charities in which he is interested.





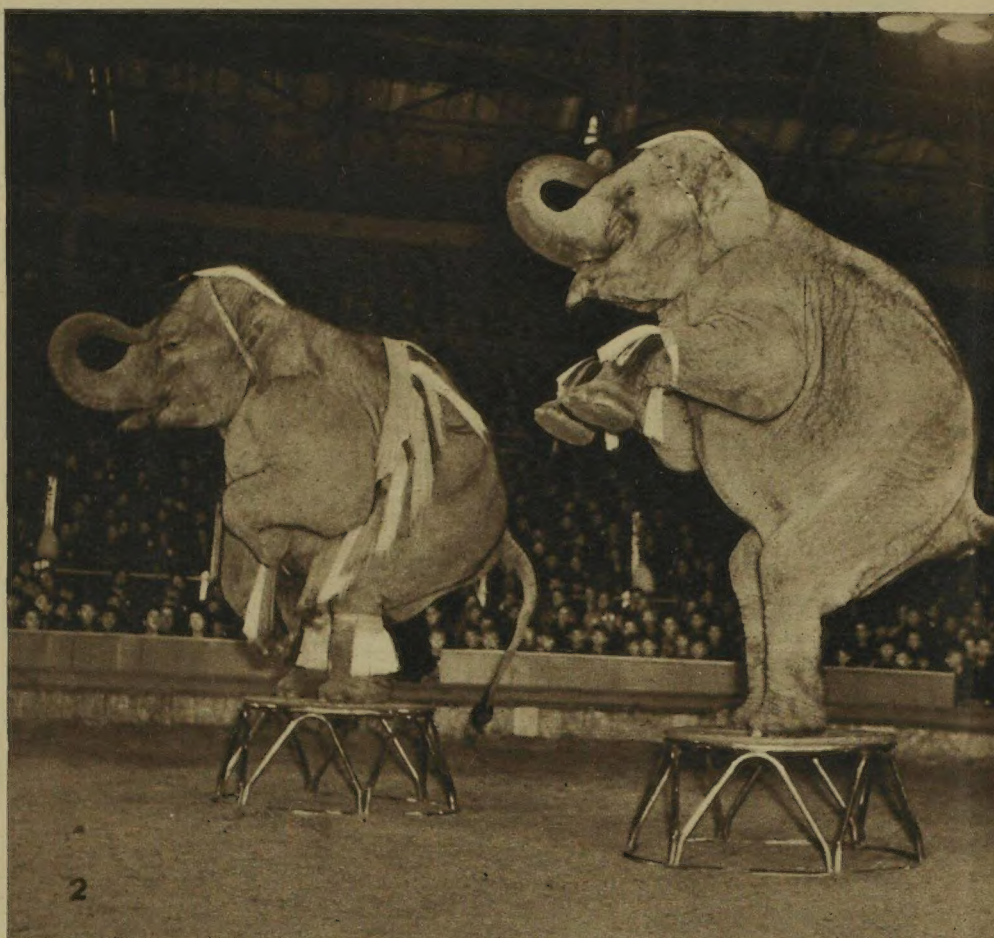
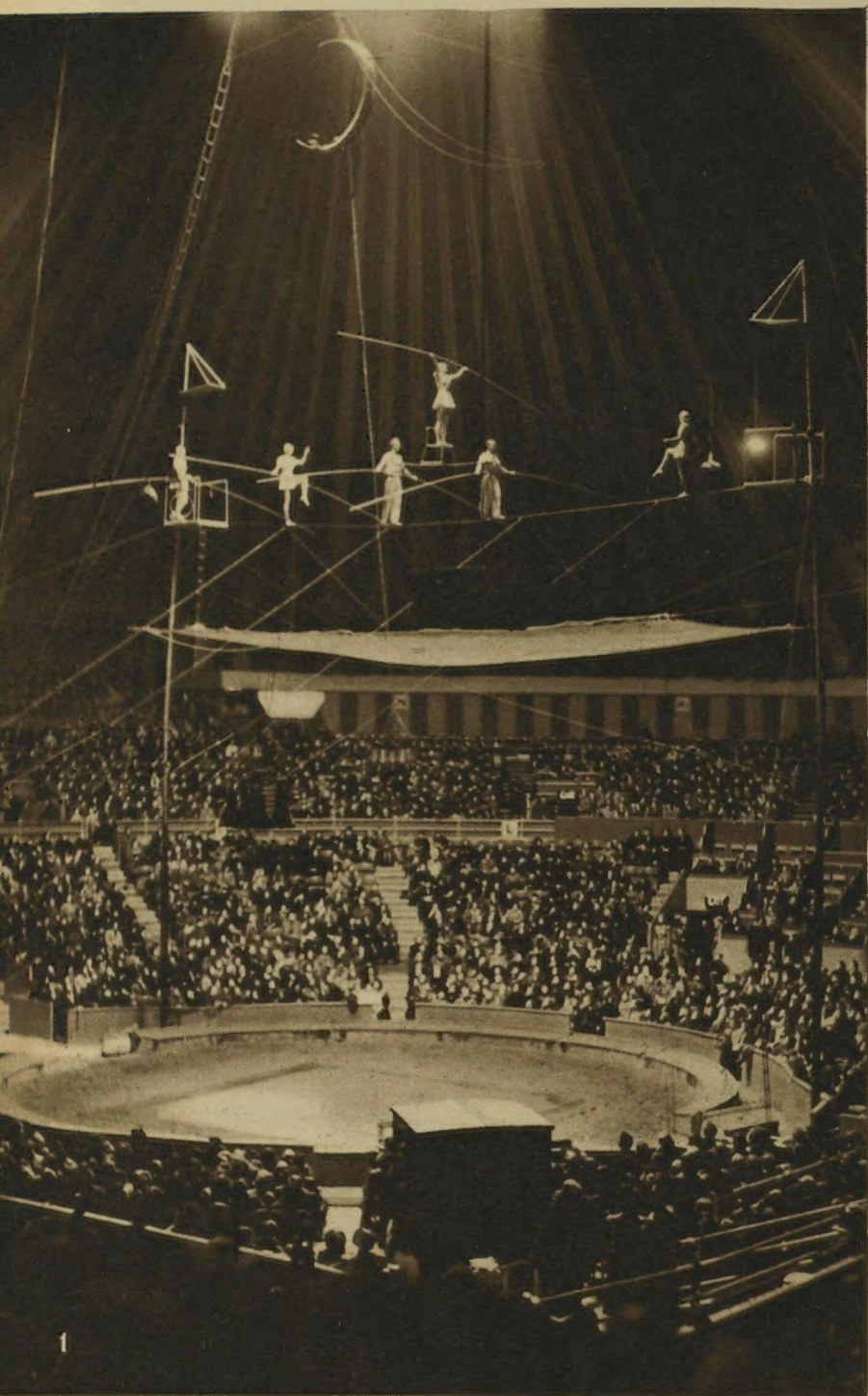
APPOINTED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, MEDITERRANEAN, UNDER THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY ORGANISATION: ADMIRAL LORD MOUNTBATTEN, WHO, IN TIME OF WAR, WOULD BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL LINES OF COMMUNICATION THROUGH THE MEDITERRANEAN.

The House of Commons heard from the Prime Minister on December 16 that Admiral Lord Mountbatten will be Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean, under the system of command formulated by the Military Committee of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, which was approved in Paris on the same day. Mr. Churchill, in discussing the Mediterranean Commands, said that the principal change was the establishment of a C.-in-C., Mediterranean, who, by agreement, would initially be a British naval officer, Admiral Lord Mountbatten. His staff

would include officers from all the nations concerned. He would be directly subordinate and responsible to the Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, General Ridgway. In war, the responsibilities of the C.-in-C., Mediterranean, would include the security of all lines of communication through that sea. Admiral Lord Mountbatten, who has been C.-in-C. of the British Mediterranean Fleet since May this year, will continue to be responsible to the British Chiefs of Staff for the security of our communications in the Middle East.

*Portrait study by Jitendra Arya.*





(1) HIGH-WIRE WALKERS—THE BOB GERY TROUPE, MAKING THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE IN ENGLAND. (2) TWO OF ROLF KNIE'S BABY ELEPHANTS, ALSO MAKING THEIR LONDON DÉBUT. (3) A WHIRLPOOL OF FIFTY PERFORMERS, ANIMAL AND HUMAN—THE GRAND CAROUSEL. (4) A CIRCUS SHAGGY DOG STORY—GAUTIER'S EXCESS BAGGAGE, PRESENTED BY ALMA MICHAELS.

#### THE CIRCUS AT OLYMPIA: HIGHLIGHTS OF THE GREAT SHOW UNIQUELY HONoured BY THE QUEEN'S ATTENDANCE.

The Bertram Mills Circus, which followed the Children's Matinée on December 17 with the unique Royal Performance on December 18 (reported on the opposite page), is distinguished by the presence of sixteen acts making their first appearance either in England or Olympia, by one—a sea lion and penguin act—making its world premiere—and by the inclusion, for the Royal Performance, of an

unprecedented ballet item—"Clowns and the Dancer"—conducted by Sir Adrian Boult, starring Nadia Nerina of the Sadler's Wells Ballet and with choreography by Alan Carter. An unusual item of the ring show was the blending of zebras and Norwegian "lion horses" by Freddy Knie; and the show is rich in clowns, animal acts and feats of human skill and daring.





(1) HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN ARRIVING FOR THE FIRST PUBLIC ATTENDANCE OF THE REIGNING SOVEREIGN AT A LONDON CIRCUS. (2) THE QUEEN RECEIVES A BOUQUET FROM PERCY HUXTER, THE SENIOR CLOWN OF THE OLYMPIA CIRCUS. (3) DURING THE PERFORMANCE—THE QUEEN POINTS AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH APPLAUDS.

**A UNIQUE ROYAL AND CIRCUS OCCASION: THE SOVEREIGN'S FIRST PUBLIC VISIT TO "THE BIG TOP:"**

The Royal Performance of the Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia on December 18 was a unique as well as a brilliant occasion—being the first time that a reigning Sovereign has ever attended a public performance of a circus in this country. The performance was sponsored by the Variety Club of Great Britain, and was in aid of the National Playing Fields Association and the Central

Council of Physical Recreation, of both of which H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh is President. Large crowds greeted the arrival of the Royal visitors, the Queen received a bouquet from the senior Clown; and the Queen and the Duke made their way to the arena, between the ranks of the circus performers in all their brilliant attire and fantastic grease-paint.



## HAIG AS REVEALED IN HIS DIARIES.

"THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF DOUGLAS HAIG, 1914-1919." \*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE "official life" of Lord Haig, by Mr. Duff Cooper (as he then was), was a comprehensive, sound and sympathetic book which is bound to be a standard work of reference for all later commentators on the Field Marshal's career and character. Mr. Duff Cooper had access to Haig's papers (including, it seems, all except the last few months of the Diary) and permission to quote verbatim. But two things impeded a really full use of the material. One was that "when Mr. Duff Cooper wrote in the middle 'thirties there were good reasons enforcing discretion on certain points: many of the persons mentioned by Haig were still alive, and their feelings had to be considered; Haig's relations with King George V., although entirely creditable to both sides, and a subject of much interest, both personal and constitutional, could not easily be discussed in the late King's lifetime; even more important, it was difficult to reveal with candour Haig's opinion of the French Army and its leaders. This latter subject is of particular significance for an understanding of Haig's career and the history of the War. But when Mr. Duff Cooper wrote, Anglo-French relations and the general international situation made a full revelation of Haig's views inexpedient, and in any case impossible coming from a member of the British Cabinet. The same considerations applied, in a lesser degree, to Haig's comments on the Dominion Armies and on the Americans and other allies." (The force of these remarks will only be fully realised by those who read the present volume and encounter Haig's almost alarming candour, when alone with pen and paper.) And the other impediment was the mere magnitude of the material—which here also includes Haig's letters to his wife.

Haig was a self-disciplined Scot, if ever there was one. He made entries daily, with a determination to hold as firm a grip upon his diary as he held on the military situation. There are three-quarters of a million words—and, whatever he was describing, he was frugal with words—of diary alone. After the war ended "Haig had his diary typed out and bound in thirty-eight substantial volumes. He also incorporated in those volumes, besides the diary, a large number of letters which he had sent or received, together with telegrams, dispatches, appreciations and memoranda." No biographer of Pepys could do more than "draw upon" his diary; Mr. Duff Cooper could do no more than "make use of" Haig's. Here we have one-fifth of the diary as it stands, and "about three-quarters of the book is 'new' in the sense that it has not appeared in print before." The document, whatever its nature, would have been intensely interesting: as Mr. Blake remarks: "The potential value of such a record to the future historian may be judged when we consider how much we would give to have a similar personal account from the pen of Marlborough or of Wellington"—though I imagine that the Iron Duke's comment on this would have been: "D—n 'ee, they have my despatches, haven't they?" But it is fascinating in its revelation of Haig the person and Haig the professional soldier. "The diary," says Mr. Blake, "should effectively dispose of the myth that Haig was a dull, ordinary and rather obtuse soldier. What ever else he was, he was not that." But "whatever else he was" he was not easy to define, and Sainte-Beuve himself would find it difficult to give a clean-cut portrait of Haig, even with this extremely frank diary in front of him.

I finished the book a week before writing these lines. Returning to it, I find that I have dog-eared almost every page: for practical purposes of illustrative quotation I might as well have dog-eared the covers and have done with it. In one place I was noting Haig's steady application to his job throughout his career—the Introduction gives a good summary of this—it is not always remembered that Haig was the soldier behind Haldane when the Expeditionary Force was organised. In another place I am noting his daily attention to every sort of detail, when in

command. In another I am admiring his military far-sightedness or grim courage in doing what he thought right whatever the consequences. And very often I am recording my astonishment at his innocence, when grown-up, about the world beyond the Army, and my admiration at the way in which he recorded



FIELD MARSHAL THE EARL HAIG OF BEMERSEYDE. SELECTIONS FROM HIS PRIVATE DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE HAVE BEEN EDITED BY ROBERT BLAKE AND ARE THE SUBJECT OF THE REVIEW ON THIS PAGE.

From the painting by Sir James Guthrie at Bemerseyde.

*Sunday 8 Apr: 17. (EASTER SUNDAY).*  
*Glass steady - fine night: a light frost.*  
*fine sunny morning.*  
*Sattered church of Scotland at 9.30 am.*  
*Rev. Mr. Duncan took the service. He spoke and*  
*the certainty of life hereafter, and prayed for*  
*us the given an unconquerable mind.*  
*Gen. Clive from French G. G. G. told me that*  
*Gen. Nivelle had been passing through Auxois*  
*times! - a section of the French front looked to*  
*be there the offensive altogether. Arriving*  
*there the offensive was discussed. Nivelle was*  
*the intention was discussed. Nivelle was*  
*the day for the time being but it seems*  
*clear that of Mr. makes a mistake. The offensive*  
*will be strong enough to reverse him.*  
*Morning reports from 3rd Army state that*  
*British have made several raids. Took place on*  
*strongly held position. Several identification*  
*posts of VI & VII Corps. Several men seen*  
*were seen and found all successful. Bombing*  
*is feared. Many lost. Captured*  
*raids were carried out. 5th Army, and 7th*  
*left Beaumont. Arrived. Just before*  
*to flying into the air. He said he*  
*transmission of my own. He said he*  
*had been flying from the front. He said*  
*to save time - He seemed quite satisfied. He said*  
*that had been done today, and*

A PAGE FROM HAIG'S DIARY. THE BOOK OF EXTRACTS FROM HAIG'S DIARIES, DISCUSSED BY SIR JOHN SQUIRE, IS EDITED BY MR. ROBERT BLAKE, OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, AT THE REQUEST OF CAPTAIN THE EARL HAIG, WHO SUCCEEDED HIS FATHER IN 1928.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Private Papers of Douglas Haig, 1914-1919"; by courtesy of the publishers, Eyre and Spottiswoode.

his impressions of civilian notables, even when he had to correct earlier impressions.

Few men, soldiers or politicians, escaped from his diaries unscathed. It isn't that he was complacent, conceited, or a Pharisee: it merely was that he set himself such high standards of technical competence and efficiency and of personal industry, deportment and

honour that most of the fallible human beings he met failed to live up to them. With the generals he had few surprises; he had grown up with them and knew, roughly, what to expect. But with the civilians he seems to have been almost a babe, having not the faintest notion what to expect when he met them the first time, and (especially if they were politicians) noting with regret each glass of port or brandy that they drank, as though he expected them all to be teetotalers. In his judgments he was quite uninfluenced by current opinion. At a time when Asquith (who visited him at the front) was treated by the Men of Push and Go (the current journalistic phrase) as an effete dodderer, he wrote: "I felt that the old gentleman was head and shoulders above any other politician who had visited my Hd. Qrs. in brains and all-round knowledge. It was quite a pleasure to have the old man in the house. So amusing and kindly in his ways." He stuck to Haldane when Haldane was unpopular, knowing what that most unmilitary of men had done for the Army and the country; and he had a sense of the strength and integrity of Arthur Balfour. Of Bonar Law he says in December, 1915: "He struck me as an honest, feeble man"; within a couple of months the entry runs: "Mr. Bonar Law strikes me as a straightforward honourable man, indeed, so honest that he is too much so for the crowd he is with. Lloyd George seems to be astute and cunning, with much energy and push but I should think shifty and unreliable."

I am not discussing whether or not his judgments of people were correct (and, sometimes, as with the late Lord Derby, he gives one a choice of judgments); I am merely struck with the way in which he seems to meet celebrated people as though he had never heard anything about them before and had no notion about their general reputations. Bernard Shaw, at the height of his notoriety, visited Haig in France (some ass presumably thought that if he were allowed to do so he might be flattered into silence or sense), and Haig's entry runs: "Mr. Bernard Shaw (the Author and Playwright) came to lunch. An interesting man of original views. A great talker! On sitting down to lunch, I at once discovered he was a vegetarian. As if by magic, on my ordering it, two poached eggs appeared, also some spinach and also macaroni, so he did not fare badly." This is one of many entries which indicated how completely Haig had lived within the confines of his profession. Suppose somebody of equal eminence in some other trade were to insert into his diary to-day: "Mr. Winston Churchill (the Author and Politician) came to lunch. An interesting man of original views. A great talker. On sitting down after lunch I at once discovered he liked smoking. As if by magic, on my ordering them, two cigarettes appeared." I'm not far out in that last detail. For when Mr. Shaw ordered poached eggs, he ordered ten: as he ate only the whites, believing that the yolks held the embryonic chicks. A little later comes: "Mr. Belloc came to lunch. An English M.P. [which he hadn't been for years] but very French in appearance. A most interesting and well-informed man. Was at Balliol College, Oxford."

However, a man could be a first-class painter or plumber without knowing much about the world at large; although it is unusual for a man to be such a master of the military art without having something of a universal mind. Had he not been set all his life (and always had both the money and the opportunities for widening his experience or wasting his time) on mastering his art, he had both the natural intelligence and the dash to cover a wider range. Dash may not be much evident in this story of pertinacity and plodding trench-warfare, and daily record. But Haig had played polo for Oxford and started as a cavalryman, and he had, in private life, successfully carried out one enterprise which was as swift as one of his ancestors' Border Raids. He met his future wife at Windsor Castle in Ascot Week on a Thursday; proposed and was accepted on the Saturday; and was married on July 12 at Buckingham Palace. What rapidity! But he was forty-four at the time! Thus did he envisage the last break-through on the Western Front: late, but swift.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1060 of this issue.

\* "The Private Papers of Douglas Haig, 1914-1919." Being Selections from the private diary and correspondence of Field Marshal the Earl Haig of Bemerseyde, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., etc. Edited by Robert Blake. Illustrated. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 25s.).



## THE FESTIVAL OF PEACE CELEBRATED IN BERLIN, LONDON AND CHESTER.



A NATIVITY PLAY STAGED IN A LUTHERAN CHURCH IN THE BRITISH SECTOR OF BERLIN: THE SHEPHERDS GROUPED ON THE LEFT, SOME KNEELING BEFORE THE MANGER IN WHICH LIES A REPRESENTATION OF THE CHRIST CHILD; THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY AND ST. JOSEPH BEHIND, WITH THE MAGI ON THE EXTREME RIGHT.

Christmas has always been celebrated in Germany with particular emphasis, and though Berlin may be said to stand in the front line in the cold war, the Festival of Peace and Goodwill is welcomed there with genuine piety and hope. The annual Nativity Play put on at the Lutheran Church of the Twelve Apostles

is only given for two performances, and always draws a large crowd of spectators, whose contributions are used for the assistance of needy parishioners. Our photograph shows the group of the whole cast: angels, shepherds, the Holy Family and the Magi gathered round the manger, cradle of our Lord.



PRACTISING CAROLS IN THE LOVELY SETTING OF THE CHOIR OF CHESTER CATHEDRAL, FAMOUS FOR THE FINE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY WOODWORK OF THE STALLS: CATHEDRAL CHORISTERS.

Christmas carols are a well-loved part of the services of praise and thanksgiving in which we all join at this season of the year. Our photograph of choristers practising carols in Chester Cathedral has fine pictorial quality. It shows the beauty of the cathedral choir, which is notable for the fine fifteenth-century woodwork of the stalls. The choir is a good example of the Transitional Early English-Decorated period.



CHOIRBOYS OF THE CHAPEL ROYAL OF ST. PETER AD VINCULA REHEARSING CAROLS FOR THE CHRISTMAS SERVICE DURING WHICH THEY SING AT DIFFERENT POINTS OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

A carol service during which the choristers of St. Peter ad Vincula go to different points of the Tower to sing is a feature of the Christmas celebrations there. The Chapel Royal of St. Peter ad Vincula, which was founded probably in the reign of Henry I., is notable for the tablet commemorating Lady Jane Grey, Katharine Howard, More and Fisher and other persons buried in the Chapel or burial ground.



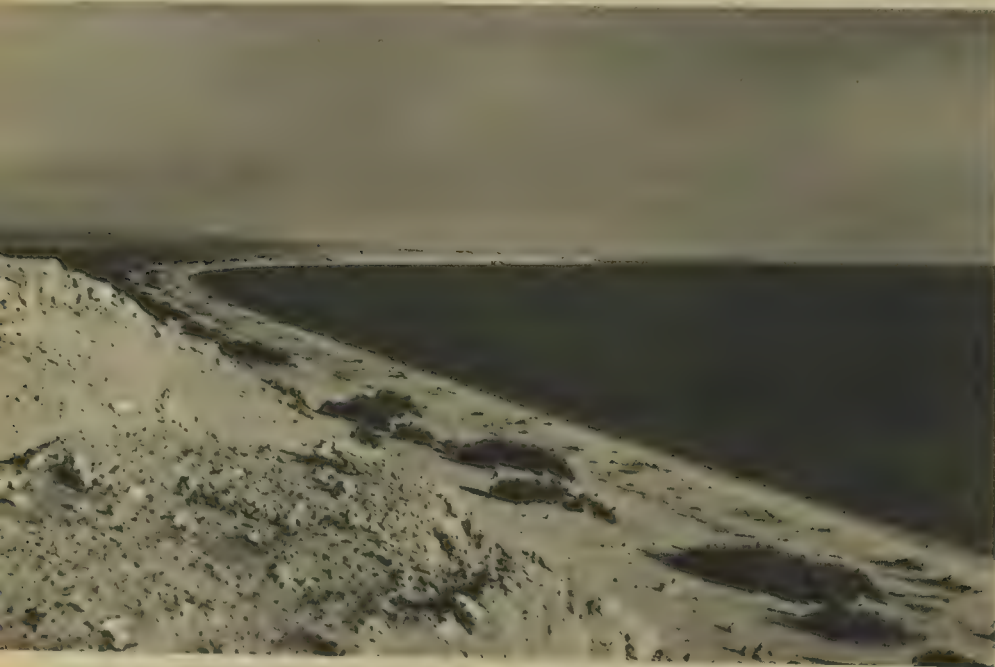
## DESERT INTO LAKE, NOW DESERT AGAIN: LAKE EYRE'S TRANSFORMATIONS.



WHIPPED INTO FOAM-CRESTED WAVES BY THE WIND: THE WATERS OF LAKE EYRE AT THEIR HIGHEST LEVEL IN 1950, A PHOTOGRAPH PUBLISHED IN OUR ISSUE OF DECEMBER 16, 1950.



THE SAME VIEW OF LAKE EYRE AS THAT ON THE LEFT, AS IT APPEARED IN SEPTEMBER, 1952, WITH MEN AND VEHICLES STANDING WHERE WAVES ROLLED IN 1950.



THE SALT WILDERNESS OF LAKE EYRE TRANSFORMED: A VIEW WHEN THE WATER WAS AT ITS HIGHEST LEVEL IN 1950, PUBLISHED IN OUR ISSUE OF DECEMBER 16, 1950.



A STRIKING CONTRAST TO THE VIEW IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE LEFT: THE POINT AT WHICH THE COOPER ENTERS LAKE EYRE, WITH, FOREGROUND, A HIGH SAND-HILL.



LOOKING TOWARDS THE CENTRE OF LAKE EYRE AS IT APPEARED IN SEPTEMBER LAST: A VAST SALTY EXPANSE EXTENDING OVER AN AREA OF 3500 SQ. MILES.

Lake Eyre is the 3500 sq. mile salt wilderness, 40 ft. below sea-level, in South Australia. Heavy rains transformed it in 1950 into a sheet of water, and on August 19 and December 16, 1950, we illustrated its aspect at its highest level, in photographs by Mr. Eric G. Bonython. On March 1 and May 17, 1952, we published photographs by Mr. C. Warren Bonython, showing the considerable shrinkage of water by evaporation. We here again reproduce two of the 1950 photographs which form a striking comparison with four by Mr. Eric G. Bonython,



HALF A MILE FROM SHORE AND TWENTY MILES FROM THE SOUTH END OF LAKE EYRE IN SEPTEMBER LAST: THE SPOT SHOWN WAS UNDER BRINE FLUID THE NIGHT BEFORE.

taken during an excursion up the east side of Lake Eyre to the Cooper in September, 1952. He writes: "To all appearances the lake is empty. Normally at present nothing is seen from the shore, but an aerial view showed water in the south-east section and in the south-west far out from the shore in February. Evidently a little of this, now pure brine, remains, and the lake being so flat, is driven miles, perhaps twenty, and only after a gale gets near the shore." In the bottom right-hand photograph the  $\frac{1}{2}$ -in.-thick crust of salt is shown.



## A CANADIAN FIGHTER WING FOR N.A.T.O.



AT THE HANDING-OVER OF THE R.C.A.F. FIGHTER BASE AT GROSTENQUIN, IN FRANCE, WITH MEN AND AIRCRAFT, TO THE COMMAND OF N.A.T.O.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GROSTENQUIN AIR BASE, WITH FRENCH AND CANADIAN AIR FORCE MEN DRAWN UP DURING THE HANDING-OVER CEREMONY AND SPEECHES.



ON THE D.A.S. AT THE CEREMONY: THE THREE IN CIVILIAN DRESS ARE (LEFT TO RIGHT) GENERAL G. P. VANIER (CANADIAN AMBASSADOR IN PARIS), M. R. PLEVEN (FRENCH MINISTER OF DEFENCE) AND MR. BROOKE CLAXTON (CANADIAN MINISTER OF NATIONAL DEFENCE).

On December 13 Mr. Brooke Claxton, the Canadian Defence Minister, handed over to the Supreme Command of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation No. 2 Fighter Wing of the Royal Canadian Air Force (which includes three squadrons of F.86E *Sabre* jet fighters). This Wing is stationed at the Grostenquin base, to which M. Plevin, the French Minister of Defence, welcomed the N.A.T.O. and Canadian officials. The base had been given by France and built by Frenchmen, while Canada had paid for the base and issued the contracts. The new base was accepted on behalf of General Ridgway by Air Chief-Marshal Sir Hugh Saunders, R.A.F., Air Deputy at Supreme Headquarters, who said that Canada's ready response to N.A.T.O.'s needs was exemplary. The idea was to prevent war, and units of the R.C.A.F. stationed in Europe were a symbol of that determination.

## AMERICA'S LATEST EIGHT-JET STRATOFORTRESS.

A few details of the giant eight-jet Boeing YB-52 *Stratofortress*, two prototypes of which were recently completed in America, have been released. At least one of them has flown and the aircraft has a wing-span of 185 ft., a length of 153 ft. and a tail-height of 48 ft. Speed and performance figures are still secret; but the eight jet engines which are housed in pairs in four nacelles are Pratt and Whitney J-57 *Wasps*, which are understood to be the most powerful U.S. turbojets yet flying. The aircraft is designed as a long-range bomber and has been described as a scaled-up version of the B-47 medium bomber, which also has swept-back wings and a maximum speed of over 600 m.p.h.



ONE OF THE TWO PROTOTYPES OF THE BOEING YB-52 STRATOFORTRESS—AN EIGHT-JET-ENGINE SCALED-UP DEVELOPMENT OF THE SIX-ENGINE B-47—IN FLIGHT.



THE VERTICAL TAIL-PLANE OF THE B52 STRATOFORTRESS IS 48 FT. HIGH; AND EXAMINATION OF IT BEFORE FLIGHT ENTAILS THE USE OF A MOBILE SCAFFOLDING. THE WING-SPAN OF THE B52 IS 185 FEET.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE VISIT TO KOREA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

THE project of General Eisenhower's visit to Korea was hurriedly introduced in the midst of the election campaign. His less friendly critics at home and abroad characterised it as a piece of cheap propaganda, but it has immediately taken an important place in politics. It would have been possible for General Mark Clark or the naval, air and land forces commanders to visit the United States and to call upon General Eisenhower while there, but hardly possible for them all to do so at once. In any case, it must be greatly to the advantage of the President-elect to hold his conferences with the senior officers of the three Services on the spot, in the atmosphere of the Korean War. He was able to use his eyes as well as his ears. He could examine at close quarters the political as well as the military situation. His visits to troops are sure to have been valuable. The President of the United States is, it should not be forgotten, *ex officio* Commander-in-Chief.

General Eisenhower's first comments were temperate and statesmanlike. He had said during the election campaign that he was no magician and did not hope to conjure up a magical solution to the problem of this war. He said in Seoul that he had "no panaceas" to offer. He and his party—which included Mr. Charles E. Wilson, Defence-Secretary designate, and General Bradley, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff—had, he told his Press Conference, come to learn. And he made it clear that in his opinion much had been learnt, and that this went down to tactics, "a better picture of the terrain and the possibilities—military and economic." Though he disclaimed panaceas, he also said that more could be done for the armed forces in the theatre of war and for the Republic of Korea, and that more would be done. He did not say very much about the military situation, but he touched the very core of it in a single sentence. "How difficult it seems to be in a war of this kind to work out a plan that would bring a positive and definite victory without possibly running grave risk of enlarging the war!"

That is the problem. No new restrictions upon the scope of the war have come into force, but, where land operations are concerned, a situation of stalemate has been reached. At least, both sides have been acting on the assumption that such is the case. The Chinese may have hoped to loosen the front by offensive action some little time back, but, if so, they have not had the slightest success. The fighting has degenerated into confined struggles for outpost heights, sometimes, it is to be feared, with little purpose behind them. A certain amount of private information comes back from Korea, and this suggests that tactics may sometimes be at fault on the side of the United Nations. In particular, it seems possible that insufficient distinction is made between day and dark outpost positions. If I am correct in my appreciation, this sometimes leads to the over-running of an outpost company in a position which it would be wiser not to hold at night, followed by a costly counter-attack to recover it, and so on almost *ad infinitum*.

It is known, and would be obvious to all military students even if no information on the subject had leaked out, that the commanders in the theatre of war have been considering schemes to end the deadlock. That much being granted, it follows that they must have considered the practicability of amphibious operations. Therein lies the best, if not the only, hope of effecting surprise and striking a soft spot which is at the same time worth striking. If report be true, the men on the spot regard the chances of inflicting a sharp, though probably not necessarily a decisive, defeat upon the Chinese in a more hopeful light than the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Should that be so, the exchange of views between the former and General Bradley, representing the latter, should prove useful. Plenty of time for consideration is available, because the launching of a strong offensive in the depth of winter is improbable. It would, in any case, be a far greater undertaking than General MacArthur's brilliant operation at Inchon, because the Chinese now possess very large reserves, which the North Korean Army did not when the Inchon landing took place.

It may be asked why there should be so much talk of an offensive on the part of the United Nations. Is the reason simply impatience over the deliberate frustration of the truce talks by the Communists? Is it simply a desire to "break the deadlock"? If so, is it not worth considering whether the deadlock is

not preferable to heating up the war, with the certainty of heavier casualties and no guarantee of a successful issue? The matter is less simple than that, and I do not think those who are considering an offensive are putting forward these crude reasons. When the armistice negotiations began last year the Communists may have desired an armistice. This is a matter of doubt, and at the moment not of the first importance. They did desire a rest. Evidence not then available has since accumulated to show that they were virtually "out on their feet." They got their rest. For part of the time after the beginning of the talks it was, in fact, almost complete. And since the summer of 1951 their forces have been doubled and

would leave them farther from their goal than they are now.

When it is asked whether a United Nations offensive would do what is wanted, the further question naturally follows as to how far the air war would extend and how much use could be made of the greatest asset. Suggestions have appeared that the bombing of Chinese airfields and installations just beyond the Yalu would be desirable, and would be unlikely in the extreme to bring about an extension of the war. Unless the land offensive were designed to go very deep, I should be inclined to say that this was doing either too little or too much. The Chinese fighter aircraft have never been able to give the land forces tactical support.

Unless, therefore, the intention was to advance so far that they would be able to do so, bombing the airfields looks like taking a considerable risk to attain a benefit unlikely to prove decisive. From the day when the Chinese intervened, the dilemma has been how to fight them effectively without extending the scope of the war and perhaps passing from a limited conflict to an unlimited one.

The alternatives thus appear to be five. The United States may try to achieve victory by attacking China outside Korea concurrently with a major offensive in the peninsula. She may try to defeat the Chinese in Korea and drive them back over the Yalu without striking outside the peninsula. She may try to achieve a decisive victory without advancing as far as the "waist" and establishing a strong front there. She may revert to the limited form of harassing offensive which was practised by General Ridgway after he had held the Chinese thrusts. She may continue the effort to reach a settlement. The objections to the first solution are sufficiently well known. The second, supposing it to be practicable, would be costly and call for more forces than are now in the theatre. The third may fall

into the same category, but looks more promising and would involve less dispersion. The fourth would probably not bring about the desired results; it also would be costly and difficult in view of the fortification of the front, the strength of the enemy in artillery, and the way in which he has protected it. The fifth was condemned by General Eisenhower during the election campaign, and, though continued at the moment, is not likely to be pursued indefinitely.

It will be recalled that General Eisenhower not only rejected—for the reasons I have given earlier—indefinite continuation of negotiations, but also advocated the reduction of the American forces and their replacement by South Korean. This is a possibility, and the expansion of the R.O.K. Army is, in fact, being undertaken, but it must be considered a long-term project. It might take as much as two years to double the present South Korean strength. A temporary reinforcement of the Americans is open to grave objections, but it should not be set aside without careful consideration, and it would not run counter to General Eisenhower's project. If I had to choose between the various courses of action set out above, I should be inclined to opt for the

third: a major offensive, including amphibious operations, but not involving an advance to the Yalu, if possible keeping open the offer of an armistice.

When mentioning the possibility of relying on the continuance of negotiations, I did not touch upon a matter which is purely political. It concerns the relations between China and the United States. The suggestion that China should be immediately admitted to the United Nations is an absurdity on the face of it, because she is, in truth if not technically, at war with that organisation. It might, however, be profitable to consider inviting China to enter the United Nations on the settlement of the Korean imbroglio. That institution cannot be considered an exclusive club which no candidate should be invited to join unless his conduct were unexceptionable. It does, however, possess certain advantages, and even some slight influence, upon the conduct of its members. American reluctance to inviting China is comprehensible, but the matter is worth the consideration of the new Government.



DURING HIS UNPRECEDENTED THREE-DAY TOUR OF THE KOREAN COMBAT ZONE: GENERAL EISENHOWER, THE UNITED STATES PRESIDENT-ELECT, LEAVING A BUNKER-TYPE COMMUNICATION BUILDING DURING HIS VISIT TO THE 1ST R.O.K. DIVISION. STRINGENT SECURITY PRECAUTIONS WERE TAKEN TO PROTECT GENERAL EISENHOWER, WHO DESCRIBED HIS JOURNEY TO KOREA AS MARKING "NOT THE END BUT THE BEGINNING OF A NEW EFFORT" TO SECURE AN HONOURABLE END TO THE FIGHTING.



"IT MUST BE GREATLY TO THE ADVANTAGE OF THE PRESIDENT-ELECT TO HOLD HIS CONFERENCES WITH THE SENIOR OFFICERS OF THE THREE SERVICES ON THE SPOT, IN THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE KOREAN WAR. HE WAS ABLE TO USE HIS EYES AS WELL AS HIS EARS": GENERAL EISENHOWER WITH GENERAL MARK CLARK (LEFT), UNITED NATIONS SUPREME COMMANDER, AND GENERAL VAN FLEET (RIGHT), COMMANDER OF THE U.S.A. EIGHTH ARMY, AFTER REVIEWING U.S. MARINES "SOMEWHERE IN KOREA."

they have largely re-armed with modern equipment from Russian sources. They have now established a state of warfare which calls for only moderate sacrifices on their part and which it is presumed they are capable of enduring indefinitely.

They have thus to face an endurable situation, whereas for the United States it is almost intolerable. A powerful American army and air force, with substantial naval backing, is locked up in a theatre of secondary significance, and in which it might be impossible to retain them in a major war. It is an extremely unwelcome war even when it is, as at present, reduced to the state of a half-war. If, as is strongly suspected, the Communists intend to keep trouble just simmering and hold the United States in the theatre, the prospect is disturbing. Let it be noted that the simmering might continue even if agreement were reached on the repatriation of prisoners-of-war; in fact, even if an armistice were achieved. Those, then, who advocate an offensive do so largely because



## THE U.S. PRESIDENT-ELECT CARVES THE THANKSGIVING-DAY TURKEY.



THE PRESIDENT-ELECT PRESIDING AT HIS FAMILY GATHERING ON THANKSGIVING DAY: LEFT TO RIGHT ROUND THE TABLE ARE DWIGHT DAVID, MRS. EISENHOWER, GENERAL EISENHOWER, CARVING THE TURKEY, BABY SUSAN ELAINE, MRS. JOHN EISENHOWER AND BARBARA ANNE.

GENERAL DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, President-elect of the United States of America, who will be inaugurated in his great office on January 20, is a family man. Before he left for his visit to Korea (to which we referred in our issues of December 13 and December 20, and which is further illustrated on another page in this number), the General presided at his own table at the celebration of the great American family festival, Thanksgiving Day, always kept on the last Thursday in November. Thanksgiving Day is the occasion annually set apart for thanksgiving by proclamation of the President and of the Governors of the various States. It is observed with religious services in the churches and, especially in New England, is the occasion

(Continued opposite.



"STEADY ON, THERE": GENERAL EISENHOWER SIGNALS THE NEED FOR PATIENCE TO HIS BABY GRANDDAUGHTER SUSAN ELAINE AS HE PREPARES TO CARVE THE TURKEY ON THANKSGIVING DAY, THE GREAT AMERICAN FESTIVAL.

(Continued.)

for family reunions. President Lincoln appointed the last Thursday in November, 1864, as Thanksgiving Day, and each President has since followed his example. Our photographs show General Eisenhower presiding at the Thanksgiving Day gathering at Morningside Drive, New York, surrounded by members of his family; and carving the 25-lb. Thanksgiving-Day turkey which was sent by a friend from New England. The General's son, Major John Eisenhower, is on active service in Korea, but his wife, Mrs. Mamie Eisenhower, his daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Eisenhower, and his grandchildren, eleven-year-old David Dwight, three-year-old Barbara Anne, and baby Susan Elaine, who is only eight months of age, were present.



# WEST AFRICA'S FIRST WATERBORNE "PETROL TRAIN": THE "ADAMA" AND HER BARGES' 1200-MILE VOYAGE.



THE FIRST WATERBORNE "PETROL TRAIN" IN WEST AFRICA: A VIEW OF THE TUG ADAMA PUSHING THE TRAIN OF BARGES IN PAIRS AHEAD OF HER.



APPROACHING CARTER BRIDGE WHICH CONNECTS THE ISLAND OF LAGOS TO THE MAINLAND: THE FOREMOST 200-TON CAPACITY BARGES IN THE "PETROL TRAIN."

A PROJECT to supply petroleum products in bulk to the French Northern Cameroons and up-country points in Nigeria was initiated this year by the Oil Storage Company of Apapa, jointly owned by Shell and Socony Vacuum. Previously petroleum had been supplied only in drums and tins. A train of eight specially designed 200-ton capacity barges, propelled by the tug *Adama* (129 tons deadweight), left Apapa in July this year on its first through voyage to Garoua, in the French Cameroons, carrying 1200 tons of petroleum. Powered by two 425-h.p. engines and two screws, the *Adama* is the most powerful vessel plying the Rivers Niger and Benue; she has a square bow and pushes the train of barges in pairs ahead of her. Bulk supplies of petroleum are deposited at Lokoja throughout the year and conveyed to Garoua during the 2½ months of the year when the Benue River is navigable.



REMINISCENT OF THE FICTIONAL VOYAGE OF THE *AFRICA QUEEN*: THE CREW OF THE BARGE TRAIN USING BAMBOO POLES TO PUSH THE BOWS CLEAR OF THE DENSE BUSH ALONG THE CREEKS.



DÉBRIS BEING CLEARED FROM THE DECK: THE NAVIGATION OF THE NARROW CREEKS REQUIRES CONSIDERABLE SKILL.



THE BARGE TRAIN AT GAROUA, IN THE NORTHERN CAMEROONS: HOSES ARE CONNECTED AND THE LOAD OF PETROL IS PUMPED INTO A BULK DEPÔT ASHORE.





ON THE FIRST STAGE OF THE VOYAGE TO GAROUA, FRENCH NORTHERN CAMEROONS: THE "PETROL TRAIN" NEGOTIATING ONE OF THE NARROW CREEKS AFTER LEAVING APAPA, WHILE THE DECKS ARE SPRAYED TO PREVENT EVAPORATION.

A project which emulates the techniques of bulk oil transportation that have long been used on the Mississippi River, in the United States, has been initiated in West Africa, where a barge train now transports 1200 tons of petroleum over a distance of 1200 miles from Apapa, in Nigeria, to Garoua, in the French Cameroons, where a bulk storage depôt has been constructed. After leaving Apapa the route

followed passes through 250 miles of lagoons and narrow creeks before reaching the main Niger River at Burutu. The barge train then proceeds along the Niger as far as Lokoja, where a bulk depôt has been constructed and where the petroleum is stored until it can be conveyed during the rainy season to Garoua. The barges are propelled by the tug *Adama*, as described on our facing page.





CANTERBURY AS IT WAS IN ROMAN TIMES: A RECONSTRUCTION OF DUROVERNUM IN THE 2ND CENTURY A.D., BASED ON EXCAVATIONS MADE POSSIBLE BY THE BLITZ OF 1942.

The bomb damage which Canterbury suffered during the war has enabled archaeologists to do much excavation in Canterbury with a freedom which would have been otherwise impossible; and on page 1076 Mr. Sheppard Frere, M.A., F.S.A., describes the general course of these excavations and the discoveries which have been made. The principal and most important discoveries relate to Roman Canterbury, Durovernum Cantiacorum. Previously, little was known of the Roman town; but now—to quote Mr. Frere: "Much detail remains to be filled in, but already a firm basis of knowledge has taken the place of earlier obscurity. This new knowledge has two aspects. Topographically we know more of the Roman town, its buildings, extent and street-plan; historically we can throw light on the

origins, growth and history of the city, not only in Roman times but before and after." These new discoveries are incorporated in this drawing by Alan Sorrell which reconstructs much of the Roman town as it was in the late second century A.D. The drawing looks into the north-eastern half of the walled city—that area which is now dominated by the great cathedral as in Roman days it was dominated by the disproportionately large Theatre. It shows (7) this great stone Theatre, part of which has been excavated at the corner of St. Margaret Street and Watling Street. This was a late second-century successor of an earlier "earthen bank" theatre. The Forum (6) is shown with conventional market-place and basilica. It has not yet been excavated, as its site is not available; but it is known

to exist from discoveries made under the High Street in main-drainage trenching. The large bath building (12), below the Fountain Hotel site in St. Margaret Street, may be the public baths of the town. Beside the Marlowe Theatre part of a town house (14) was found; another town house (13) was excavated below the yard of the Rose Hotel; and in Butchery Lane a third (8), some of whose pavements and hypocaust are still preserved and on view. A small building (5) on the south side of Burgate Street is reconstructed in the drawing as a temple. The bath-house (9) found in St. George's Street is too small to have been a public establishment, and was probably attached to a private house. Opposite St. George's Church a town house (10) was found; and near Canterbury Lane a Roman

street (11) ran southwards to the Riding Gate. Parallel with this ran another street (16) of which remains have been found near the Theatre and also under the Cathedral Library. Another Roman street (15) was blocked or diverted by the enlargement of the Theatre; another (17) ran from the south gate of the town (North Gate) to the North Gate; and another (18), which ran out at the Riding Gate (off the picture, to the right), carried the Roman Watling Street to Dover. In the background is the circuit of the late second-century city walls (1), backed by an earth revetment. In the circuit can be seen the North Gate (2), from which a road ran to Reculver; and the Queen's Gate (3) (now east of the Cathedral), through which can be seen running the main road to Richborough (4).

FROM A DRAWING BY ALAN SORRELL, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY MR. SHEPPARD FRERE, M.A., F.S.A.



## DECIPHERING THE PALIMPSEST OF CANTERBURY:

### EXCAVATIONS OF THE ROMAN AND MEDIAEVAL CITY WHICH WERE MADE POSSIBLE BY THE DEVASTATION OF THE BLITZ.

By SHEPPARD FRERE, M.A., F.S.A.



FIG. 1. EVIDENCE OF THE SOUVENIR TRADE IN MEDIAEVAL CANTERBURY: A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY STONE MOULD FOUND ON THE SITE OF THE ROSE HOTEL. IT SHOWS (IN REVERSE) ST. THOMAS A BECKET IN THE ACT OF BLESSING; AND WAS USED FOR MAKING ONE SIDE OF SMALL LEAD AMPULLAE TO HOLD HOLY WATER.

THE excavations in Canterbury, which have been carried on since 1944, were the result of the bombing of the city in 1942. Large areas in the southern and eastern parts of the walled city were laid bare, offering an opportunity for archaeological research before all should be covered again by rebuilding, and at the same time calling for a new technique of exploration which was new, at any rate, in this country. Only in the Middle East hitherto had deeply stratified sites been explored with a continuous occupational history of the order of 2000 years.

The heavy cost of labour here and the continued activity of the still-living city prevented the large-scale stripping of the site on a Mesopotamian scale; yet the existence of cellars often saved the labour of removing the less profitable upper levels, and work was at first confined to cellars, since these fronted the streets which seemed likely to be first rebuilt. More recently larger areas behind these frontages have been tackled, often with the preliminary assistance of a mechanical excavator.

The emphasis from the first has been on the recovery of the remains of the Roman city, since this was the period about which least was known. Indeed, pre-war accounts give little beyond reassurance of the existence at Canterbury of Durovernum Cantiacorum, the tribal capital of this part of Britain: of its origins and history, and even of its geographical extent, little or nothing was known. Of its rôle in the Dark Ages and early Saxon period, too, much was conjectured, but little known.

The exploration, inaugurated by the Canterbury Excavation Committee with the blessing of the Ministry of Works, has altered all this. Much detail remains to be filled in, but already a firm basis of knowledge has taken the place of earlier obscurity (see reconstruction drawing on pages 1074-1075). This new knowledge has two aspects. Topographically we know more of the Roman town, its buildings, extent and street plan: historically we can throw light on the origins, growth and history of the city not only in Roman times, but both before and after.

In Castle Street a settlement of Iron Age A has been found, and the pottery shows that the site of Canterbury was inhabited as early as the third century B.C. We know little of this phase as yet, and it is not possible to say whether the settlement continued to the end of the Iron Age or not. Certainly an occupation of this low-lying valley site is surprising at a date so early, and is unexpected before the consolidation of Belgic power under Cunobelin at the start of the Christian era. Only then would one expect the city's site (which owes its importance to the river crossing) to achieve importance. It was, in fact, then that it did so. There are extensive traces of pre-Roman Belgic settlement under much of the town and extending beyond the walls. There was a large village here from about 10-20 A.D. onwards.

The advent of the Romans in 43 A.D. at first made little difference. Houses were still of timber, pottery fashions slowly changed, early Samian wares were imported; the Romans constructed their roads, six of which converge on Canterbury, and the early town, still unwalled, tended to straggle out along the road lines. Late in the first century a small theatre was built, mere wooden seating carried on a retained gravel bank, and there were public baths. We know little of the Forum, except that it lies below an undamaged part of the High Street.

By the second century many houses had been built or rebuilt in flint and mortar or Kentish rag (Figs. 2 and 4). Soon after the middle of the century, in a fit of megalomania, the theatre was vastly enlarged. At present unique in Britain, this new theatre is of Continental type, with vaulted substructure and surround, 250 ft. in diameter, carried on vast footings 12 and 8 ft. thick (Fig. 3). Only a small part was available for excavation, but more survives in neighbouring cellars. Its size is an impressive monument to the wealth and Romanisation of Kent, if not to the sense of proportion of its inhabitants. Later in the same century the city was walled; near the Riding Gate, through which runs the road to Dover, the Roman wall was found in 1948 still surviving 7 ft. high below its Mediaeval successor; in April, 1952, it was

again found, south of the West Gate. In each case a contemporary internal bank of earth was present. This discovery proves the identity of the Roman and Mediaeval circuits, and lays to rest the older theories that the Roman city ended farther east along a branch of the Stour, which can now be shown to have broken into the city in post-Roman times as a result of the slow sinking of the land. The Roman walls survived through Saxon times, and at the Riding Gate the first repair seems to have been undertaken in the fourteenth century.

Perhaps the most characteristic effect of Roman rule was the introduction of a metal street-grid. This was early inaugurated, for the second-century extension to the theatre blocked or diverted one street, and traces of another were found buried below the late second-century bank thrown up behind the walls. These streets were regularly re-metalled, and in places achieve a total thickness of 5 ft. of gravel.

The blitzed area is only a segment of the city. In the outer fringes buildings were loosely scattered, and



FIG. 3. THE FOOTINGS OF THE LARGE CONTINENTAL-TYPE ROMAN THEATRE UNCOVERED DURING POST-WAR EXCAVATIONS. ON THE RIGHT, THE CURVING OUTER WALL—12 FT. THICK; ON THE LEFT, THE INNER WALL—8 FT. THICK; BETWEEN THEM THE ROMAN CONCRETE OF A CORRIDOR FLOOR, PIERCED IN TWO PLACES BY MEDIAEVAL RUBBISH PITS.



FIG. 4. IN A CELLAR IN BUTCHERY LANE: REVEALING MOSAIC PANELS OF A ROMAN TESSELLATED FLOOR. THE MOSAICS SEEM TO BE A LATER ADDITION TO A HOUSE OF ORIGINALLY SECOND CENTURY DATE. THE LADDER (RIGHT) RESTS ON A ROMAN WALL.

those of them that remained timber-framed to the end are not easy to trace in plan, owing to later disturbances. In the late fourth century some, at any rate, were in ruins; but the more substantial were still occupied and even repaired. A coin of Eugenius (c. 394 A.D.) was found in a lump of mortar on the site of a large bath building, implying some reconstruction in the very latest years of Roman rule.



FIG. 2. THE HYPOCAUST AND FLUE TILES OF A SMALL ROMAN BATH-HOUSE DISCOVERED AFTER THE WAR IN CANTERBURY, AND NOW UNDER THE NEW WOOLWORTH BUILDINGS.

In another building a large number of minute coins, known as *minimissimi*, were found scattered over the floor of a room, which again implies continued use well into the fifth century.

In 449, or soon after, Hengist landed in Kent, and at first his Saxon warriors were welcomed as mercenaries to protect the British *civitates* from Pictish raids. A settlement of this date has been found in Canterbury. The mercenaries, if such they were, lived in considerable squalor on an open site in the corner of a central *insula* near the theatre, and left pottery of Anglo-Frisian type which can be dated to the middle years of the fifth century. Roman coins, however, were found among their debris, and may still have been in use, and the presence of a delicate bronze toilet set perhaps implies that they took wives from the local population. This find, important as an actual illustration of a process long inferred, also successfully bridges the gap between Roman and Saxon Canterbury, and illustrates the means of fusion. Near by was found a later, though still pagan, Saxon hut dating to the sixth or seventh century, and similar scattered finds have been made elsewhere in the town. In Canterbury Lane a Saxon house of the ninth century, about the time of King Alfred, has been found. Its pottery under Continental influence is now less primitive, and one can trace the ancestry here of some of the later local Mediaeval types. Vessels, and doubtless wine in them, were being imported from the Rhineland, as can be seen from the presence of Badorf ware, product of a kiln between Cologne and Bonn, which was producing *amphorae* for the wine of the Rhenish vineyards in the period c. 850-900 A.D. Badorf ware in this country has only hitherto been found at the Saxon port of Southampton, but it was widely traded to Holland, Denmark and the north.

One of the more serious gaps in Mediaeval archaeology, which is being slowly closed only by the work of recent years, is the production of a datable series of Mediaeval pottery. The task is the more difficult, owing to the local character of ceramic fashions and the rarity of Mediaeval coins. There is an abundance of stratified material from our excavations, and it should prove possible to construct a typological sequence for the south-east. The majority of the buildings in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries seem to have been flimsily constructed, with clay floors and timber walls: much of the evidence, too, disappeared in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, when cellars were constructed. A significant fact is the vast increase in remains of the thirteenth century. This must surely be connected with the growing popularity of the city as a pilgrim centre (Fig. 1), and its corresponding increase of wealth and, consequently, of population. Once again we have evidence of the wine trade, now in the thirteenth century, with Normandy, in the shape of imported wine-jugs from Rouen. A feature of this period, too, is the construction of tile bread-ovens of circular form, the tiles being set on edge in clay for the better retention of heat. Domestic hearths were built in the same fashion.

The remains of succeeding centuries are more commonplace, but still of interest. Much light has been thrown on the dating of local potteries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries by their association with finer wares and with Chinese porcelain. It was during this period that cellar-digging was carried out on a large scale to the detriment of remains below.

Rebuilding is now going ahead, but there is still much to do, especially in the outskirts of the city. In particular, the extent of the Belgic village must be traced, and more work should be done on the verification of the street-grid. More finds of the Saxon period are urgently needed, but have to be left largely to chance: their scarcity does not correspond with the known density of occupation in Saxon times. Much seems to have disappeared in the intensified occupation of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Some of the sites which offer greatest promise are now under car parks, and urgent though the work is, it can only be tackled piecemeal and at seasons when these parks are least used. The corporation, however, has always been most helpful in these matters, and there is every hope that the opportunity to explore will be taken while it lasts.



## THE PRESENTATION OF THE NOBEL PRIZES BY KING GUSTAF, AND THE NOBEL BANQUET.



KING GUSTAF OF SWEDEN PRESENTING THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR CHEMISTRY TO DR. A. J. P. MARTIN. SEEN DESCENDING THE STEPS IS ANOTHER BRITISH SCIENTIST, DR. R. L. M. SYNGE, WHO SHARED THE PRIZE.



AT THE BANQUET HELD IN HONOUR OF THE PRIZE-WINNERS: PRINCESS SIBYLLA OF SWEDEN IN CONVERSATION WITH PROFESSOR SELMAN A. WAKSMAN, OF THE U.S.A., WHO WAS AWARDED THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR MEDICINE.



AT THE BANQUET: PROFESSOR E. PURCELL, AMERICAN JOINT WINNER OF THE PHYSICS PRIZE, WITH MRS. STEVENS, WIFE OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.



TAKING MME. MAURIAC INTO THE BANQUETING HALL: KING GUSTAF, WHO LATER PROPOSED A SILENT TOAST IN MEMORY OF ALFRED NOBEL.



KING GUSTAF CONGRATULATING PROFESSOR F. BLOCH, OF THE U.S.A., WHO, WITH PROFESSOR E. PURCELL, SHARED THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR PHYSICS.



ACKNOWLEDGING THE APPLAUSE OF KING GUSTAF, QUEEN LOUISE AND PRINCE BERTIL AFTER THE PRESENTATION IN THE CONCERT HALL IN STOCKHOLM: M. FRANÇOIS MAURIAC, THE FRENCH NOVELIST AND JOURNALIST, WHO WAS AWARDED THE PRIZE FOR LITERATURE.



SEATED NEXT TO QUEEN LOUISE AT THE BANQUET IN THE CITY HALL: M. FRANÇOIS MAURIAC, THE SEVENTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD FRENCH AUTHOR.

Two British scientists were among the men who received this year's Nobel Prizes from the hands of King Gustaf of Sweden at a solemn ceremony in Stockholm on December 10. Dr. A. J. Porter Martin, of London, and Dr. R. L. Millington Synge, of Bucksbarn, Aberdeenshire, shared the Chemistry Prize of £11,408 for their successful work in filter-paper chromatography—a method of chemical analysis. The four other prizewinners were Professors Felix Bloch and Edward Purcell, of the United States, who shared the Physics

prize for their nuclear physics discoveries; Professor Selman A. Waksman, of the United States, the American discoverer of streptomycin, who won the prize for Medicine; and M. François Mauriac, the French novelist, whose works include "Thérèse" and "A Woman of the Pharisees," who won the Literature Prize. After the prize-giving the King and Queen attended a banquet in honour of the prizewinners, the King as usual proposed a silent toast in memory of Alfred Nobel, and the winners made short speeches.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### PROBLEM PRINTS IN SNOW AND MUD.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

CERTAIN things make me feel I am in touch with something more vast than the world of men. Holst's "Music of the Planets" is one; but that may be auto-suggestion springing from the composer's title. This same feeling, induced also when gazing into a clear, starlit sky, comes to me from hearing certain passages in Vaughan Williams' "London Symphony," but I would hesitate to attribute this last to any influence the title may exert. The sight of a beech wood on a clear sunlit morning in October, a red sunset at sea, church bells on New Year's Eve, carol singers—in the distance—on a frosty night, and the picture conjured up in my mind by the story of the footprints in the Devon snow, all have this mystic quality. It is easy, therefore, to sympathise with the Devonians who, nearly a century ago, were afraid to leave their houses. If the tracks in the snow had appeared at Christmas instead of in early February, their mystical quality would have been enhanced, but they would have permitted of a more easy explanation, except that a reindeer does not have a hoof like a donkey.

In spite of this quasi-poetic start, it is my purpose to deal prosaically with animal tracks, in the snow or mud, as the case may be. But before doing so, it is fitting to recall briefly the Devon affair. In the past few weeks I have asked a number of people for details, but whereas all knew the story, all were very uncertain on its finer points. The first report was in *The Times* for February 16, 1855. Heavy snow had fallen on the preceding Thursday night in the Exeter area. In the morning a vast number of prints, as of donkey shoes, were found in the snow, with a mound in the centre where the frog should be. Each print was directly in advance of the other, at regular intervals of 8 ins. They went from Topsham to Lympstone, Teignmouth and Dawlish. They ended abruptly on one side of the estuary of the Exe and started again on the Exmouth side, two miles across water from where they had left off. They went across fields and gardens, along the tops of flat walls, over roofs, over haystacks. They were seen in courtyards surrounded by high walls or high fences. They would go up to a 14-ft. wall, and start again on the other side, as if whatever had made them had gone straight through the wall. In places, they went up to the door of a house and backed away again, but for the rest the line of advance was straight. According to *The Times*, each print measured  $1\frac{1}{2}$  by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  ins. According to *The Illustrated London News* of February 24 of the same year, they measured 4 by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  ins. The line of tracks started suddenly and ended abruptly.

I have no intention of attempting an explanation, for two very good reasons: that I have none to offer, and that I should be sorry to see the mystery solved, just as I would prefer not to analyse too closely Holst's "Music of the Planets," or any other of the things I have mentioned. But this is Christmas-tide, and we here, even in Southern England, where snow at this time is so rare, always associate the festival with snow; and snow, for me, is an opportunity to study animal tracks, and animal tracks are, for me, even now, more of a mystery than otherwise.

Chard wrote a book, lavishly illustrated, entitled "Animal Tracks," in which he surveyed the marks made in the ground by British mammals. It is an excellent survey. It shows the different impressions left by each animal walking, trotting, running or galloping. In it, we learn, too, that the tracks of a young animal register more accurately than those of an old animal; that a female tends to walk in a less direct line than a male; and other basic principles. What we cannot learn, and the book cannot possibly give, are all the abnormal tracks, the evidence of unusual tricks of behaviour, often combined with unusual conditions of the ground. These can only be learned by long

experience and, what is more important, by linking them with what is already known of the animal itself. We are told of the remarkable way an experienced tracker will deduce from its tracks the age and sex of the animal that has passed by, how long ago since it passed, whether it was tired or

of the tracks even of the animals with which he is familiar, and it is by no means certain that he would show quite the same skill. With only pictures of the tracks of some animal he had never seen, he would be as mystified as any one of us.

Over and above this there are the freak tracks. For example, we found, on a patch of mud in an opening between two meadows, a few tracks that

looked exactly like those of a small deer. There was no possibility that they could have been deer, and sheep and pig were even more unlikely. After close scrutiny we came to the conclusion that they were made by the fore-paws of rabbits or hares, running at full speed, so that all other tracks were on grass-covered firm ground. A more mystifying set of prints were those found on the roof of a shed recently during a period of intense hoar frost. At least, they would have been mystifying had we not seen our cat sitting there earlier on. Or, again, a weasel crossing a muddy road in front of me a few months ago, suddenly leapt in the air, in a curve that carried him fully 3 ft. on to a grassy slope. The recognisable weasel tracks ended abruptly, where the animal, a few inches long in the

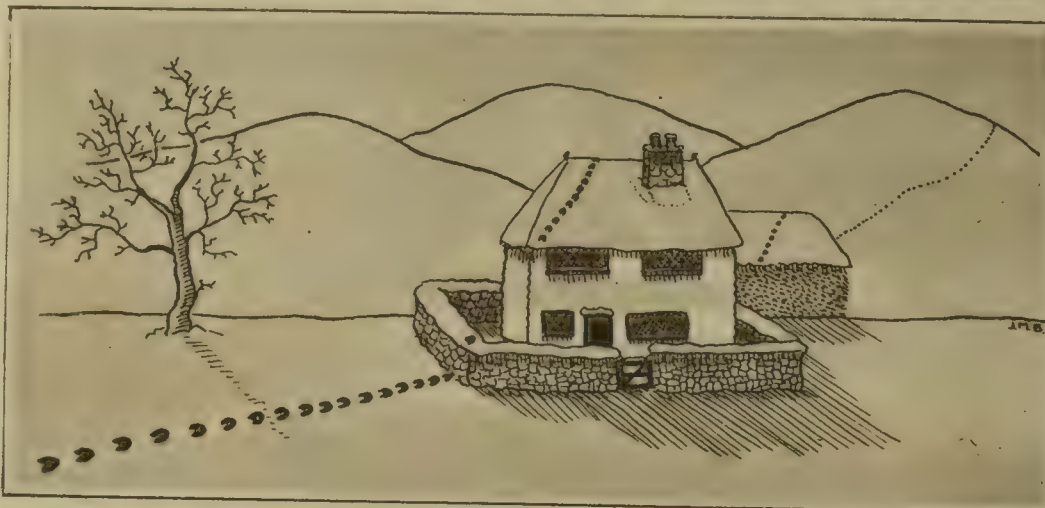
body, had taken its surprising leap. Had I not seen the leap take place, I might have presumed from the tracks that a hawk had swooped and carried off the weasel.

At the time of the last controversy over the tracks of the Abominable Snowman, it was suggested to me that their interpretation might be more readily possible if somebody with the time and enthusiasm could spend the whole day for days on end at Whipsnade Zoo during a snowy period. If he photographed all the tracks of every animal there, at hourly intervals as the snow changed in quality and the tracks deteriorated, he would have a most valuable collection of pictures to be used for solving such mysteries. The procedure would, however, be expensive in time and materials. Indeed, a team of photographers would be needed.

The layman must sometimes be tempted to label the biologist rather stupid when he learns, as he does so often, that there is no answer to some of the simplest biological problems. He can hardly be blamed if he turns a deaf ear when told that biology is the central science, the one upon which ultimately the physical and to some extent, the moral, salvation of mankind

will depend, when he finds we cannot solve the problems on our very doorstep. If, however, the support given to, say, nuclear physics, were accorded it, the present story might be different. Unfortunately, the benefits of biological research must, by their very nature, accrue only in the long run, and long-term programmes are less readily given financial support.

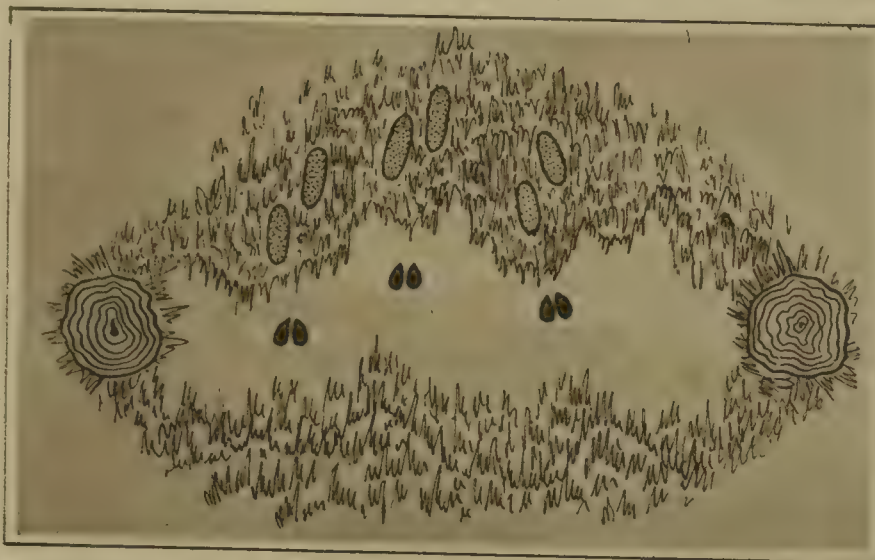
To return to romance and mystery, it is a fair guess that we shall never determine with confidence what makes the Abominable Snowman tracks until somebody photographs the Thing itself actually in the act. Equally, it is idle to speculate, fascinating though the pastime may be, on the mysterious snow tracks of Devon a century ago. We may suggest, as some people do, that because the tracks start and end abruptly, and run throughout in a direct line, and also because walls, houses and haystacks proved no obstacles, that they may have been made by a bird. We might also suggest a practical joker, except that the total length of the tracks was a hundred miles—laid down in a single night. There are birds known to fly 60 to 100 miles in one hour, but could any bird run 100 miles in a night? The moral seems to be that a good collection of photographs or drawings of authenticated animal tracks, both normal and abnormal, would do much to lay the Devon visitant, the Abominable Snowman, the nunda, the chimiset, and a lot of other mysterious figures. But perhaps we prefer our mysteries.



A CENTURY-OLD DEVON MYSTERY—IN 1855 THERE APPEARED OVERNIGHT A LINE OF TRACKS IN HEAVY SNOW, EACH PRINT SHAPED LIKE A DONKEY'S HOOF AND SEPARATED FROM THE NEXT BY A DISTANCE OF 8 INS., WHICH RAN ACROSS FIELDS, THE TOPS OF WALLS, ROOFS OF HOUSES AND OVER HAYSTACKS FOR A DISTANCE OF 100 MILES, TO END AS ABRUPTLY AS THEY HAD BEGUN.



A WEEK-OLD MYSTERY OF SURREY—IN RECENT INTENSE FROST A SINGLE ANIMAL TRACK WAS SEEN ON THE ROOF OF AN outhouse, THE ORIGIN OF WHICH IS EXPLAINED ON THIS PAGE. (REPRODUCED ONE-THIRD NATURAL SIZE).



PUZZLING TRACKS IN THE MUD OF DORSET: THE MARKS OF AN APPARENT CLOVEN HOOF IN A PLACE WHERE THERE WERE NO DEER, SHEEP, PIGS OR GOATS.

In the gap between two meadows, flanked by a post on each side, a strip of mud lay between the grassland. Imprinted in the soft ground were the marks of an apparent cloven hoof which were almost certainly made by the fore-paws of a rabbit or a hare. The probable positions of the hind-paws are indicated on the grass.

From the drawings by Jane Burton.

well-fed and so on. From my limited experience I suspect that the tracker, consciously or unconsciously, uses much more than the appearance of the tracks. There are such things as scats, a knowledge of the weather during the preceding days, the appearance of the surrounding vegetation, even the smell of the beast left on the trail. Moreover, a tracker can do these, to us, wonderful things, only for the beasts with which he is fully familiar. Give him a drawing or photograph



# AFRICAN CROWNED CRANES AT THE NEST: SINGULAR PHOTOGRAPHS FROM S. RHODESIA.



ON THE NEST: A CROWNED CRANE SEEN IN A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH WHICH WAS EVENTUALLY OBTAINED AT THE THIRD ATTEMPT.



A PAIR OF CROWNED CRANES AT THE NEST. DURING THE THIRD SEASON THE BIRDS BECAME USED TO THE PHOTOGRAPHER AND ALLOWED HIM TO APPROACH WITHIN TEN YARDS.



THE FEATURE WHICH DISTINGUISHES THE AFRICAN CROWNED CRANE FROM ITS CONGENERS: THE WONDERFUL GOLDEN CREST SURMOUNTING THE HEAD, CLEARLY SEEN IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH.

THE remarkable photographs on this page showing the Crowned Crane (*Balearica regulorum*) have been sent to us by a contributor in Southern Rhodesia who writes: "This is the first time that I know of these birds having been photographed at the nest." Two attempts at photographing the birds failed, but eventually, in the third season, they became used to the sight of the hide, and it was gradually brought up to within ten yards of the nest. There are two species of Crowned Cranes in Africa, one of them, *Balearica regulorum*, shown on this page, extends from Southern Angola and Northern Rhodesia southwards to the Cape. The other species, *Balearica pavonina*, is found in the Sudan, Abyssinia, and across to West Africa. Both species take their name from the narrow fan-shaped crest of twisted, bristle-like feathers radiating from an elongated centre on the top of the head. The cheeks are naked, and the feathers of the lower part of the neck hackle-shaped. The front part of the naked area on the side of the face is red, the hinder portion is glistening white.



THE NESTING SITE OF A CROWNED CRANE IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA: A TRAMPLED CLEARING IN TALL GRASS ON THE BANK OF A STREAM.



THE NEST OF A CROWNED CRANE IN A HEAP OF DRY GRASS. IN SOUTH AFRICA, TWO BLuish-WHITE EGGS ARE THE USUAL CLUTCH, BUT IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA THREE EGGS ARE MORE COMMONLY LAID.





## ON CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE COUNTRY: SOME OF THE ANIMALS WHICH MAY BE FOUND HIBERNATING OR

Hibernation is usually taken to mean winter sleep of any kind, and in everyday speech the word is applied to any animal that shows a marked decrease of activity in winter as compared with summer, or even one that seeks shelter in winter. For example, it is often said that gnats hibernate in houses, when in fact, these gnats come into our cellars and houses, where a tolerably high temperature keeps them active throughout the winter. This wide use of the word is convenient enough, and there is no point in interfering with such a time-honoured usage, especially since there is still some confusion of ideas when the scientist seeks to differentiate between the various methods of passing the winter. Some authorities prefer to restrict the

use of the word hibernation to the winter-sleep of warm-blooded animals, such as dormice and hedgehogs. In these, a complicated series of physiological changes take place in preparation for hibernation, but the falling asleep does not take place until the temperature has fallen to a specific level. At this critical temperature the change from wakefulness to sleep is relatively rapid. On the other hand, cold-blooded animals such as frogs, toads and snakes, sink into a state of torpor relatively slowly. Even so, there is a seasonal rhythm in so far as they seek out a hibernaculum in the autumn in preparation for the winter. It would be difficult to draw a hard-and-fast line between the winter sleep of mammals and the torpor of frogs and snakes.

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by



## OVER-WINTERING IN THE VICINITY OF FARM BUILDINGS—A HIDDEN POPULATION OF WINTER SLEEPERS.

Recent investigations have shown that the hibernation of a mammal is closely similar to nightly sleep in many respects, and the differences between hibernation in its strict sense and the winter torpor of amphibians and reptiles are as our nightly sleep and the numbness, or sleepiness, we feel when exposed for long to the cold. This comparison is, however, approximate only. When we come to insects there is the distinct use of another term, over-wintering. An insect may over-winter as an egg, a larva, a chrysalis, or as an adult insect. The term merely expresses the means whereby the life of a species is tied over a period of adverse circumstances, which include a lowered temperature. In spite of the attempted use of precise definitions we still speak of

snails hibernating when we ought, perhaps, to use either the term over-wintering or falling into a state of torpor. The matter is not helped by the fact that even in mammals there are varying degrees of hibernation. A badger does not hibernate in the strict sense of the word, but it does tend to sleep for longer spells in cold weather. Again, although squirrels do not hibernate in the South of England, it is possible that in more northern localities they may hibernate or perhaps, like badgers, sleep for longer periods in cold weather. It is now being realised that the most complete of our hibernants, such as dormice, bats and hedgehogs, will often come out during the winter, in mild weather, certainly more often than was formerly supposed.

NEAVE PARKER, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON.





## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

ONE of the most serious pre-occupations of any nurseryman is—or should be—the eternal battle with weeds. Weeds and general untidiness. A serious counter-preoccupation

must always be the question of staff, and the expense that too large a staff entails. On my Six Hills nursery at Stevenage I was almost always over-staffed. My accountants often warned me that this was so. But in spite of feeling in my bones that they were probably right, I remained for ever over-staffed. Hopelessly untidy by nature myself, and knowing it, I felt it best to have plenty of folk around on whom to put the onus of tidiness, and the war of the weeds. Even so, it was, of course, a losing battle. But I had my remedy when discouragement became oppressive. I would go and visit other nurseries and then return to find that, by comparison, my own was not so bad after all. The nursery lay back, separated from the Great North Road, by a wide belt of grass, upon which stood the six Roman tumuli from which the nursery took its name and trade-mark. The road across this grass, and the grass itself, was always such a popular place—among the uncivilised—for scattering and dumping litter that I made it the special duty of one of the younger garden boys to gather up and burn, every day and always, every scrap of litter, every trace of human depravity, around the nursery entrance.

Figure to yourself, therefore, my fury one summer noonday, when I came out of the gate and found a huge open car parked within yards of my entrance.

It was one of those cars that look like some gigantic slug, arrogant and ostentatious, and it was infested with a family of sub-vermin guzzling a picnic lunch. The grass all around was strewn with paper bags and banana-skins, ice-cream containers, cigarette cartons, bottles, and every other sort of mark of the beast. For some odd reason, instead of boiling over, my fury froze. Bereft of blasphemy, I began to collect up the litter in utter silence—though a torrent of apology poured from the picnickers. Without a word I placed first one good gathering of litter in the car, and then another, well among the sub-vermin—and walked away.

But anger does not always take me that way. I remember going to the nursery with a friend one Sunday afternoon. Somehow I disliked going there on a Sunday. With no staff about it had the depressing atmosphere of a London street on the Sabbath. Weeds and other worries became strangely obtrusive. We entered the nursery by a private gate at the lower end. At the upper, business end, I came upon a stranger prowling among the Alpine houses and frames. I asked him how he got there and what he was doing. He said he was just having a look round, and had squeezed in between the rails of the entrance gate—which I had always imagined I had made foolproof. When I suggested that the sooner he squeezed back through the gate the better, he tried to argue. He was not doing any harm; he had come a long way; had found the gate locked, etc. So I reasoned with him on his obviously low intellectual level. Business

### LOOKING BACK.—II.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

premises with locked gates and doors on Sundays were, I explained, quite a common phenomenon. Did he, I asked, while away the time on Sunday afternoons in London by visiting big department stores and, having squeezed in through a lavatory window, wander through the showrooms—doing no harm? I got him to the gate, which I did not unlock. Watching his ignominious squeeze back between the bars was delightful, but disappointing: he missed the barbed wire by a fraction of an inch.

Exhibiting at the shows—Chelsea, the R.H.S. fortnightly, and in the provinces—was usually exhausting and worrying, but at the same time interesting, and often extremely entertaining. In the course of years I learned, without having ever been there, what an amazingly rich flora must grow at Zermatt. No matter where the plants that I showed came from—China, Japan, Australia, the Andes, the Rockies, Asia Minor or Timbuctoo—I could usually count upon hearing the remark: "Oh, yes, I saw masses of that

perhaps rather im-  
pishly, if she had  
ever sought profes-  
sional garden advice  
from the "Too-too"  
lady—who shall re-  
main nameless. With  
a hoot of scorn she  
pronounced her "only  
half-educated," and then in an instant she was the "Too-  
too" lady, strutting and sweeping about the lawn,  
booming about this flower and that, to the life—and a  
scrap more. I had known Lady de Bathe as an amusing  
talker and as a generous soul. Had she not given  
my whole Chelsea Show staff tickets—and good ones—  
to go and see her at the Coliseum? That she had  
been a great beauty was not merely legendary. It  
was still obvious. But as the "Too-too" woman  
she was a great actress, a brilliant comedienne.

It was a curious thing that on the rare occasions  
when Chelsea Shows became a flop from the attend-  
ance, and so from the business, angle, some of the  
nursery exhibitors, myself included, became more and  
more frivolous and light-hearted as conditions became

more and more  
dreary. On one  
such occasion  
I remember a  
small, pathetic  
rock- and  
water-garden.  
The "water"  
was repre-  
sented by an  
oblong enamel  
dish, sunk to  
the rim in the  
ground. A  
small water-  
lily sprawled  
drunkenly in  
the muddy  
water. Whilst  
the owner was  
away at lunch  
I placed a  
neatly-lettered  
notice on the  
banks of this  
lake. It read:  
"Fishing in  
these waters is  
strictly re-  
served for  
Princes of the  
Blood, Mem-  
bers of the  
Diplomatic  
Corps and  
members of the  
Council of the  
R.H.S." The  
owner took it  
in excellent  
part, bless her  
dear old heart.  
The attitude

85-24

*The 6 Barrows near Stevenage 10 July 1724.*



Stukeley del.

Van der Gucht sculp.

THE NURSERY—THE SIX HILLS NURSERY, WHICH MR. ELLIOTT FOUNDED AND WHICH HE RAN FOR SO MANY YEARS AND ON WHICH MANY OF HIS RECENT REMINISCENCES CENTRE—"LAY BACK, SEPARATED FROM THE GREAT NORTH ROAD, BY A WILD BELT OF GRASS, UPON WHICH STOOD THE SIX ROMAN TUMULI FROM WHICH THE NURSERY TOOK ITS NAME AND TRADE-MARK." A CHARMING PRINT OF THE BARROWS AND GREAT NORTH ROAD IN 1724, ENGRAVED BY VAN DER GUCHT FROM A DRAWING BY STUKELEY.

Reproduction by courtesy of Mr. Frank Barker, Stevenage.

up at Zermatt last year." Another remark that I heard, when I was showing some particularly choice and dwarf high Alpines was, "Yes, they're cute, but of course in my country all the Alpine plants are far larger!" But the richest remark of all came from a somewhat titled woman who was splashing about just then as a landscape gardener. She was a large woman with a large voice. Her clothes suggested bed-hangings from an early Victorian four-poster (stately home) slightly altered and adapted. She came to a halt in front of my exhibit at a fortnightly and espied a compact cushion of some Androsace, no larger than a halfpenny, and with five tiny white blossoms. She scrutinised it for a moment through her lorgnette, and then positively swayed with ecstasy as she boomed for all the hall to hear: "Oh, what a too-too, but what a too-too!" I liked her for that. That so large and choice a mass should fall for so tiny a plant was surprising. I liked her for it, and I am still grateful to her for a grotesque and trivial mental picture which still recurs, most vividly, to make me smile from time to time.

Mrs. Langtry, then Lady de Bathe, was a frequent visitor to the R.H.S. Shows, and shortly after the "Too-too" incident she asked me to go down and give her professional advice about her garden at Newmarket. Nothing came of it; but she gave me a cracking good lunch and demonstrated, what I had not fully realised before—that she was a wonderful actress, or, at any rate, mimic. I asked her,

of one section of authority was sub-acid.

On the third day of what was probably the coldest, wettest, dreariest Chelsea that ever happened, I had a sudden rush of joyous lunacy to the head. Coming out of a tea and refreshment tent I spotted a gigantic tea urn, very ornate, and almost silver. It looked like an outside in motor-racing trophies. I asked the manager if I might borrow it for half an hour. He demanded a deposit of £50, but an I.O.U. for that sum satisfied him. With the help of a friend I lugged the thing to my rain-sodden outdoor rock-garden exhibit, and placed it in a commanding position near the centre. Being about six times the size of the largest silver trophy that had ever disfigured any horticultural exhibit, it greatly impressed the populace. Then my friend was afflicted by a rush of light-hearted lunacy to the head. He sought out a Press photographer and told him a rich tale about the great silver trophy for the finest exhibit in the show, which, by some oversight, had only just been brought to the winner. He came, he saw, he made copious notes and took photographs from numerous angles—fortunately not once from an angle from which he could see the urn's tap, which we had turned away from public view. Eagerly next morning I bought a copy of the picture paper concerned, but my great trophy was not there. I was assured, however, that the picture, and the story, had appeared in an early edition. I wonder. If it really did, I would now gladly give £5 for a copy. Or wouldn't I?



PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE



DIED ON DECEMBER 15, AGED NINETY-TWO:  
SIR WILLIAM GOSCOMBE JOHN, R.A.

Sir W. Goscombe John, R.A., who died on December 15, was born at Cardiff. Sometimes called "the sculptor of Parliamentarians," he is represented by statues in Cardiff, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, Cape Town and elsewhere; and in many museums. He was commissioned by George V. to design the King's Silver Jubilee Medal and by George VI. to design the new Great Seal in 1937.



LORD MANCROFT.

Appointed as a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen in succession to Lord Lloyd. Lord Mancroft, born in 1914, was educated at Winchester and Oxford. He is a member of the Bar Council; and served with the R.A. throughout World War II. He was received by her Majesty on December 17 on his appointment.



CAPTAIN T. B. STONEY.

The honour of announcing her Majesty the Queen before her broadcast to the nation on Christmas Day has fallen to Captain T. B. Stoney, D.F.C. He was a member of one of the crews of the B.O.A.C. Argonaut *Atalanta*, in which the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh made their flights between London and East Africa earlier this year.



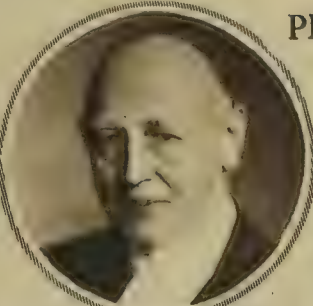
DESCRIBING HIS APPEAL FOR WIRELESS SETS FOR THE BLIND TO TWO BLIND CHILDREN: SIR IAN FRASER.

Sir Ian Fraser, chairman of the Wireless for the Blind Fund, arranged to make a broadcast appeal for the fund on December 25. Sir Ian made his first appeal for wireless sets for the blind in 1925. The money sent in response to the appeal is the Fund's only source of revenue, and every year more than 4000 new sets are needed. Contributions, however small, should be sent to Sir Ian Fraser, British Wireless for the Blind Fund, 159, Great Portland Street, W.1.



DR. CHARLES PORTER.

Died on December 15, aged seventy-nine. A well-known London authority on public health, he held many public appointments, including that of Medical Officer of Health for St. Marylebone, and lecturer on public health at the Middlesex Hospital and the London School of Hygiene.



DR. C. H. KELLAWAY.

Died on December 13, aged sixty-three. He was Director-in-Chief of the Wellcome Research Institution. His contributions to medical research gave him a high reputation. He was director of the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute of Research in Pathology, Melbourne, from 1923-44.



MISS J. A. TREDGOLD.

To be principal of Cheltenham Ladies' College in succession to Miss M. E. Popham, who is to retire at the end of next summer term. Miss Tredgold, who was educated at Cheltenham Ladies' College and Newnham College, Cambridge, has been second mistress of Roedean School since 1939.



MR. JOHN C. DANCY.

Appointed by the governing body of Lancing College as Headmaster. Mr. John Christopher Dancy is to succeed Mr. F. C. Doherty, the present Headmaster, on his retirement next July. He was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, and since 1948 has been an assistant master at Winchester.



THE WORLD'S MASTER-BATSMAN—JOHN BERRY HOBBS—

WHO ON DEC. 16 CELEBRATED HIS 70TH BIRTHDAY. On December 16 the great Surrey, England and, indeed, world batsman, John Berry Hobbs, celebrated his seventieth birthday—a living legend and a cricket idol of all time. His career, which began at the Oval against the bowling of Dr. W. G. Grace, ended in 1934—in the Bradman era. His mastery, his complete technique and his modesty add more to his legend than its massive statistics.



SIR WILLIAM DAMPIER.

Sir William Dampier, known through the greater part of his life as Dampier-Whetham, died on December 11, aged eighty-four. A scientist of wide range, he was Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was knighted in 1931. From 1931 to 1935 he did invaluable work as secretary of the Agricultural Research Council. He was the author of a number of books.



REAR-ADMIRAL ROBERT B. PIRIE, U.S.N.

Appointed Chief of Staff to Vice-Admiral Jerauld Wright, Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Naval Forces in the Eastern Atlantic. Admiral Pirie, who was born in Nebraska, graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy in 1926. He served with distinction in World War II, and has recently been in command of the United States Navy aircraft carrier *Coral Sea*.



THE YOUNGEST CIVILIAN TO BE AWARDED THE GEORGE CROSS SINCE ITS INSTITUTION IN 1940:

JOHN BAMFORD, A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD COLLIERY WORKER OF NEWTHORPE, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. The house occupied by the Bamfords and their six children caught fire. Mr. Bamford and John rescued Mrs. Bamford and three children by entering their room from the roof. Two children, aged four and six, were in the back bedroom. Mr. Bamford was driven back by flames, but John crawled in and dropped the children to his father through the window, though one ran back in fright and had to be caught. By then John was almost unconscious from the excruciating pain of his burns, but he managed to drop from the window. He is in hospital, slowly recovering from his extensive injuries.



MR. BRIAN FLOWERS.

Appointed head of the theoretical physics division at Harwell, a post which has been vacant since 1950 when Dr. Fuchs went to prison. Mr. Flowers, aged twenty-eight, went first to Harwell in 1946, but left two years ago to study nuclear physics at Birmingham University; and returned to Harwell last October as senior scientific officer.



LISTENING TO HIS SUCCESSOR: LORD NUFFIELD (RIGHT), WHO HAS RESIGNED HIS DIRECTORSHIPS AND BEEN SUCCEEDED BY MR. L. LORD.

Lord Nuffield, the chairman of British Motor Corporation Limited and of Morris Motors Limited and its associated companies, announced on December 17, at the end of the first annual general meeting of the British Motor Corporation at Oxford, his decision to resign from the boards of these companies. Lord Nuffield, who is seventy-five, said he had been at the helm for nearly sixty years and it seemed an appropriate time for him to hand over his business responsibilities to a younger generation.



# THE WORLD, THE FLESH—AND THE POLTERGEIST: A CHRISTMASTIDE SURVEY OF THE NEWS.



THE ARRIVAL HOME OF THE MONTE BELLO ATOMIC WEAPON TEST HEADQUARTERS SHIP: THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER *CAMPANIA* STEAMING TO HER BERTH AT PORTSMOUTH ON DECEMBER 15.



HOME FOR CHRISTMAS: SOME OF THE CREW OF THE FAMOUS FRIGATE *AMETHYST* AT DEVONPORT, WITH JOE, THE SHIP'S DOG.  
Two famous ships of the Royal Navy returned to the United Kingdom before Christmas following service overseas. One was the aircraft carrier *Campania*, which was used as a touring exhibition during the Festival of Britain and then was commissioned as Headquarters ship of the special squadron which operated in the Monte Bello Islands for the British atomic test. The other was *Amethyst*, of Yangtse River fame, who returned to the Far East in 1950.



PRECEDED BY TRUMPETERS: THE BOAR'S HEAD BEING CARRIED IN PROCESSION INTO THE DINING-HALL AT THE CUTLERS COMPANY DINNER HELD ON DECEMBER 17, IN THEIR HALL IN WARWICK LANE. THE CUTLERS DATE BACK TO THE TIME OF EDWARD III.



A REAL-LIFE CHRISTMAS "GHOST" STORY: CANON HARVEY EXORCISING A "POLTERGEIST" IN THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. CECIL WILSON, WHILE A POLICE-CONSTABLE HOLDS THE EVIDENCE.

Recently it was reported in *The Times* and other papers that Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Wilson were being troubled by a "poltergeist" in their home in Eagle Street, Ipswich, and that they had asked Canon Harvey, Vicar of St. Michael's, Ipswich, to exorcise the evil spirit. The police constable is holding a cribbage board thrown across a room shortly before his arrival.



NAMING THE FIRST WHISKY TANKER *WHISKY GALORE*: SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE PERFORMING THE CEREMONY AT REGENT'S PARK. THE TANKER HAS A 2000-GALLON CAPACITY. Recently Sir Compton Mackenzie, author of the book "*Whisky Galore*," which has been filmed and broadcast, named the first tanker for the bulk road transport of whisky in Great Britain after his book. The tanker, owned by Messrs. W. and A. Gilbey, Ltd., has a 2000-gallon capacity of an estimated value of £35,000.



DESIGNED AS A DRUM WITHIN A DRUM PACKED WITH BUOYANCY CAPSULES: A NEW TYPE OF SUBMARINE MARKER BUOY FOR THE ROYAL NAVY.

This new type of submarine marker buoy has been approved by the Admiralty following trials at sea. Constructed of light metal alloy and composed of a series of capsules enclosed in an annular structure, it has been ingeniously designed to combine strength, compactness and buoyancy adequate to support warning devices. A flashing light unit is at present installed and active investigations are being conducted to provide the buoy with a radio transmitter. Marker buoys are released by submarines if they are unable to surface.





SPEAKING AT THE LUNCHEON GIVEN BY THE GOVERNMENT IN HER HONOUR AT THE MANSION HOUSE: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

The gratitude of the Government and the nation to the Duchess of Kent for the great success of her recent visit, with her son, the Duke of Kent, to the British territories in the Far East—was expressed to her at a luncheon given by Mr. Lyttelton, Secretary of State for the Colonies, at the Mansion House on December 16. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Mr. Attlee, Mrs. Lyttelton, Mr. Churchill, the Duchess of Kent, Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, and the Lord Mayor, Sir Rupert De la Bère.



AT THE TECHNICAL COLLEGE AT HATFIELD, WHICH HE HAD OPENED: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN THE AIRCRAFT ENGINE SECTION.

On December 16 the Duke of Edinburgh opened the £750,000 technical college at Hatfield, Hertfordshire, which is the first of its kind in the country. It provides advanced training in aeronautical engineering, and will receive employees from aircraft companies from all over the country. The Duke of Edinburgh spent three-quarters of an hour watching the students at work, and saw experimental models of jet engines which are used in aircraft at the de Havilland factory near by.



THE BLACK LABRADOR THAT CAUGHT AN INTRUDER IN THE GROUNDS OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE: BRUCE, A FIVE-YEAR-OLD POLICE DOG.

A police dog, five-year-old Bruce, a black Labrador given to the Metropolitan Police in 1948, has proved yet again the value of dogs in police work. Bruce caught a man who climbed over the wall at Buckingham Palace and dropped into the grounds early in the morning of December 16. The dog stood guard over him until his handler arrived. The man was taken to Cannon Row police station and later transferred to St. Pancras Hospital for observation. Bruce first went, in 1948, to "V" Division in Putney, and in 1951 to Imber Court to be trained for multi-handling.

## ROYAL OCCASIONS AND A ROYAL GIFT, A CLEVER POLICE DOG, AND A NEW EMBLEM.



AT A PERFORMANCE OF THE PANTIMIME "JACK AND JILL," GIVEN IN AID OF KING GEORGE'S FUND FOR SAILORS: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, WITH PRINCESS MARGARET AND PRINCE MICHAEL OF KENT, AT THE CASINO, LONDON, ON DECEMBER 17.

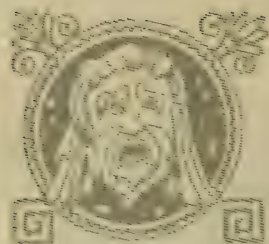
(RIGHT).

A PROOF OF QUALITY: THE MARK OF THE BRITISH STANDARDS INSTITUTION. Since December 16, furniture no longer bears the utility symbol. But another emblem will soon appear in large numbers. This will be the kite mark, shown above, which is the sign of the British Standards Institution, and is being adopted as a proof of quality by manufacturers of consumer goods.



FOLLOWING THE TRADITION ESTABLISHED IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE V.: ONE OF TWO CHRISTMAS TREES SENT BY THE QUEEN TO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL FROM THE SANDRINGHAM ESTATE. THE TREE STANDS INSIDE THE CATHEDRAL AS A COLLECTING-POINT FOR OFFERINGS FOR THE POOR.





# THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

## REASONABLY SEASONABLE.

By ALAN DENT.

PERHAPS because they are far from being my favourite comedians I resist, without difficulty, an offer to go and see Abbott and Costello in "the first American pantomime film" entitled "Jack and the Beanstalk." Let our own Crazy Gang next year do "the first British pantomime film" entitled "Cinderella." There will be something! Bud Flanagan has already been seen on the stage as Buttons, and there never was or ever will be a Buttons more endearing. With his wide smile, his melancholy eyes, his huge fur coat (never far away), and his curiously caressing voice, he was the personification of wistful glee—a mischievous little boy who had grown up and regretted it. That was seven years ago, and could easily be repeated on the screen. But think, too, what an unprecedented mess of the Baron's kitchen our own Naughton and Gold might make as the Broker's Men! And conceive me if you can a more devastatingly arch Principal Girl than Jimmy Nervo might make, giggling under flaxen curls; or a more upright and comically arrogant Principal Boy than Teddy Knox, with that haughty, forbearing smile at the mad world around him. But all this is a happy mirage for next Christmastide, not this one.

Meanwhile we must accept and enjoy the lightest fare the Hollywood and the British Lion gods provide, very much as the poor of olden times—that is to say, before 1914—were said to make do with roast beef if turkey or goose were beyond their pockets. The fare is really quite rich, though, all-the-year-round in its nature. It consists of "The Road to Bali," with Bob Hope and Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour and a number of wild animals; and of "Folly to Be Wise" with Alastair Sim as an Army padre and a Brains Trust which he convokes for the alleged purpose of entertaining the troops in a training camp.

To Bali, a land where it seems always afternoon, come those melancholy, mild-eyed lotus-eaters, Hope and Crosby. There rules a Princess immediately recognisable as Lamour, who says these gentlemen are welcome because her father was a Scot named McTavish; and fanciful use of the McTavish tartan

Crosby, moreover, learns to charm a snake out of a pot, a snake in the form of a bewitching damsel. Lamour looks on and smiles serenely, secure in her own superiority to any minor bewitcheries. Or else she goes off singing of moonflowers, or bathing in a pool cluttered up with nenuphars, singing while she



DOING A HIGHLAND FLING. ON THE ISLAND OF VATU: GEORGE COCKRAN (BING CROSBY) AND HAROLD GRIDLEY (BOB HOPE) ENTERTAIN THE ISLAND'S RULER, PRINCESS LALAH MCTAVISH (DOROTHY LAMOUR—RIGHT) IN A SCENE FROM "ROAD TO BALI" (PARAMOUNT). THIS IS THE FIRST OF THE "ROAD" FILMS IN TECHNICOLOR.

swims and yet never swallowing any water—a rare accomplishment.

There are further inconsequent diversions—some rather witty, some just silly, and some with live or fake animals that are distinctly crude or tasteless. In the end, Hope conjures out of the snake-pot the very semblance of Jane Russell herself, and when that lady chooses to walk away with Crosby and Lamour we see a conclusion—perhaps the funniest sequence of all—in which Hope frantically pushes the huge letters forming the caption "THE END," up off the screen

and then down off the screen. But he is finally obliterated by a final overwhelming caption which runs "POSITIVELY THE END."

Time—as is the way of Time immemorially—has been distinctly kinder to Lamour's shape and charm than to Crosby's voice or to Hope's diaphragm. But everyone who enjoyed the "Road" series will enjoy the latest example here and there and, as it were, sporadically. It has perhaps, on the whole, been over-leniently handled by most film critics, especially those old enough to feel a distinct affection for the famous team.

The British offering deserves more notice and has, on the whole, received less. Its first hour is pure joy—like the first hour-and-a-half of the Bridie play from which it directly derives, "It Depends What You Mean." Padre Sim, more than ever gangling

and gloating, and delightful, has certainly convoked a committee of the most promising sort since it consists of Roland Culver as a drunken sculptor, Elizabeth Allan as his wife, Colin Gordon as a broadcasting professor who loves the wife, Miles Malleon as a deaf doctor run to seed, Edward Chapman as a belligerent Labour M.P., and Martita Hunt as his icy enemy, a Viscountess.

It would be almost impossible for anyone to frame any question which could not set such a team by the ears; and the disconcerting queries come thick and fast. Why do cows run after railway trains? How do bluebottles take off from a ceiling? Such posers are met with the usual smiling and garrulous evasions, and all goes well until the Question Master, Padre Sim himself, who has from the first begged his audience to avoid politics and religion, is suddenly bowled over by a question about love and marriage from his own little A.T.S. secretary. This little Scots lassie wants to know, and insists upon knowing, whether marriage is a good idea. Her insistence turns half of the Brains Trust into a trio of seething distrust and unhappiness.

This almost painful culmination means that the film utterly collapses as a comedy. I would not have missed the first hour for anything. But so jarring is the turn of events at the end, so painfully serious is the culmination, that our laughter freezes and we stare, more than a little shocked; while the Brains Trust's audience roars its guffaws at the embarrassed and dismayed platform. The film, for all its wealth of excellent farce, does make the serious point of the play—that the only kind of knowledge to be gained from public functions of this sort is the kind of knowledge that is not worth possessing. But it comes up against serious emotion at its peril—and the peril turns into disaster and chaos in which the one tangible visible object is Padre Sim's ludicrously horror-struck right eye.

Perhaps next year, if the Crazy Gang cannot be disciplined into giving us their film pantomime to



A FILM VERSION OF BRIDIE'S WARTIME PLAY "IT DEPENDS WHAT YOU MEAN": "FOLLY TO BE WISE," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH JESSIE (JANET BROWN) ASKS WALTER (PETER MARTYN) TO SORT OUT THE MATRIMONIAL TANGLES OF GEORGE AND ANGELA PROUT (ROLAND CULVER AND ELIZABETH ALLAN). LADY DODD (MARTITA HUNT), PROFESSOR MUTCH (COLIN GORDON) AND CAPTAIN PARIS (ALASTAIR SIM) AWAIT THE RESULT OF WALTER'S PHILOSOPHY WITH RESIGNATION.

is pointed out in the Balinese armorial bearings and bedroom hangings. Will the honoured visitors wear McTavish kilts and dance a schottische? They will, and do. Crosby, too, sings to his Princess and informs her, almost in so few words, that Hope is a skunk.



LISTENING WITH INCREASING ALARM TO SOME OF THE COMMENTS MADE BY THE PANEL OF EXPERTS ANSWERING QUESTIONS POSED BY THE TROOPS: THE QUESTION MASTER (ALASTAIR SIM) IN HIS RÔLE AS ARMY PADRE AND ENTERTAINMENT OFFICER IN A NEW BRITISH FILM, "FOLLY TO BE WISE" (LONDON FILMS).

end all stage pantomimes, Mr. Sim might choose to appear as Father Christmas. Alas, that James Bridie is no more—dear Bridie, who would have delighted to provide him with such a vehicle, the requisite sleigh of fantasy drawn by reindeers of wit!



# VARIED HAPPENINGS IN MANY LANDS: THE CAMERA AS RECORDER OF EVENTS ABROAD.



AT A COMBINED SERVICE OF LORD STRATHCONA'S HORSE (ROYAL CANADIANS) AND THE 5TH ROYAL INNISKILLING DRAGOON GUARDS. A combined church service was held in Korea by a squadron of Lord Strathcona's Horse (Royal Canadians)—who are allied to the 17th/21st Lancers—and the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, who were leaving Korea on the completion of their tour of duty. On December 7 the 1st Royal Tank Regiment reached Pusan for service in Korea.



A BEAUTIFUL CELEBRATION ON THE FEAST OF ST. LUCY, VIRGIN AND MARTYR, WHICH IS HELD ON DECEMBER 13: DANISH GIRLS, IN COPENHAGEN, DRESSED TO REPRESENT THE SAINT AND HER MAIDENS, PAYING A VISIT TO AN OLD CRIPPLED WOMAN, WHO WELCOMED THEM WITH JOY.



THE WRECK OF THE U.S. CARGO-SHIP THE GROMMET REEFER: THE TWO HALVES OF THE VESSEL AFTER SHE HAD BROKEN UP ON A REEF.

The *Grommet Reefer*, carrying foods for U.S. troops based at Leghorn, was, on December 15, torn from her moorings, thrown on a reef south of Leghorn port, and broken in two. Three of the crew of forty were rescued by breeches-buoy after fourteen hours; but thirty-seven passed the night huddled on the stern. On December 16 eleven were taken off by breeches-buoy, twelve by landing-craft and the last fourteen were brought to safety by helicopters of the U.S. Navy.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF ISRAEL, MR. ITZHAK BEN-ZVI, RAISING HIS HAND AS HE TOOK THE OATH OF OFFICE IN THE KNESSETH, JERUSALEM.

Our photograph shows Mr. Ben-zvi, the new President, taking the oath, while, to the right, the Speaker of the Knesseth (Parliament), Mr. J. Sprinzak, reads the words of the oath. Mr. Ben-Zvi is a local leader typifying the Palestine Jewish settler; and his political characteristics are said to be devotion to the Labour Movement, moderation, opposition to Communism and a determination to weld Western and Oriental Jewry into one nation.



IN THE COURTROOM AT NAIVASHA, KENYA, SHOWING THE TWELVE KIKUYU TRIBESMEN WHO HAVE BEEN CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF MR. ERIC BOWYER: (RIGHT) SUPERINTENDENT STEENKAMP, WHO WAS IN CHARGE OF THE INVESTIGATIONS.

On October 27 Mr. Eric Bowyer, a fifty-five-year-old English farmer and storekeeper, living alone in Littledown, about 30 miles from Naivasha, was found murdered, with two of his servants. All three had been beaten and slashed with pangas until they died, the two servants being hacked to pieces. The house had been ransacked. Twelve Kikuyu have now been charged with the crime at Naivasha.



THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN DISCUSSIONS ON THE SUDAN: A GROUP SHOWING SIR RALPH STEVENSON, THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR (LEFT; HEAD OF TABLE), AND GENERAL NEQUIB (SECOND FROM HIM; RIGHT).

Formal discussions with General Nequib on the Egyptian proposals for a Sudan settlement were opened by the British Ambassador, Sir Ralph Stevenson, in Cairo on November 20 and continued on November 24 and 26. General Nequib's officers, Lieut.-Colonel Hussein Zulficar and Major Saleh Salem; and Mr. M. J. Creswell, British Minister in Cairo, are also shown in our group.



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

### THREE ANGLING PICTURES.

By FRANK DAVIS.



IN my part of the country, dozens of men descend from the train every Sunday morning during the summer—sturdy, resolute, philosophic men, with quiet smiles and the soft intonations of South Yorkshire—dump large baskets and themselves by the bank of a desolate, wind-swept, canalised stream which we refer to proudly as a river; and there sit and watch their floats until the sun is far to the west, and it is time to get into the train again. I have never seen them catch anything, though I dare say they do when I am not looking, and in any case, that is not the object of the operation, which is clearly to have a day out in the open air, with just enough fiddling about with rod and line and bait to make the affair interesting. Though it is not a relaxation I indulge in myself, I can well understand its fascination. Moreover, those who practise it are clearly good men, steady characters not to be swayed by the hysteria of the modern world nor wafted about by any wind of doctrine. If they fall into sin, it is surely the venial one of occasional exaggeration, which not even the sternest of Recording Angels would bother to write down in his book, for this sort of angler (I'm not speaking of erudite and sophisticated fly-fishers) invariably begins the day with the following prayer:

Lord, suffer me to catch a fish  
So large that even I,  
When talking of it afterwards  
May have no need to lie.

On the whole, eighteenth-century painters—that is, good painters—have paid very little attention to this immensely popular pursuit, largely, I

for the figures, Farington painted the landscape, and for some reason or other called himself Camden for the occasion. This theory, while a trifle far-fetched, becomes more likely if we can persuade ourselves, as many do, that the somewhat pompous person on the left, seated and without a hat, is Farington himself. If so, the picture explains itself: here is a high-class fishing-party in the year 1790, one member of which happens to be a painter of landscapes and a considerable swell in the Academy, and he gets Wales, who is a nobody and probably anxious to please, to paint the portraits. Farington, if it is Farington and not the John Camden of the inscription, is shown seated on a stool with a sketching-block on his knee.

appeared in 1837, had Charles Dickens allowed his sporting Mr. Winkle to try his skill as a fisherman. I have a very vivid memory of just such a place on the Thames twenty-five years ago. I tied my punt to the landing-stage and fell into talk with a fisherman. He said he was the landlord. Yes, he liked the life—he fished all day and his wife did all the work; they were ideally suited. Then I noticed a series of tanks under the landing-stage, so I enquired about them. He grinned. "That's for the Sunday trade," said he. "You see, I fish all the week and fill the tanks. Then on Sundays dozens of chaps come here and fish and, of course, catch nothing. In the evening they go into the pub and my wife gives them a meal

and they have a drink or two—yes, trade is very good—and I send 'em off with a basketful of fish to show their wives that they have not been wasting their time—and everyone's happy."

Not long ago I met a man who said he had recently called at this friendly pub and I told him my story. He warned me off—"You'd hate it," said he. "It's been bought by a big firm and is now all chromium and imitation marble and platinum blondes." Thus does the march of progress iron us out. So much for James Pollard and his nostalgic little picture. Fig. 3 is by way of being a serious landscape study, rather in the manner of the Norwich school—it makes one think of James Stark, even of Crome, for the painter is clearly fascinated by sunlight on running water and green fields—the two anglers are incidentals. It is by Samuel Alken, a member of that puzzling Alken family whose genealogy has not yet been firmly established and whose best-known member is Henry, famous particularly for hunting prints and pictures—a man thoroughly at home in Leicestershire. There are two, or may be three Samuels, and this picture is presumably by Samuel II., possibly the brother of Henry; Samuel II. is thought to have died in 1823 at the



FIG. 1. "A FISHING-PARTY AT HARLEYFORD-ON-THAMES"; BY "JOHN CAMDEN," POSSIBLY A *nom de guerre* FOR JOSEPH FARINGTON, R.A., AND JAMES WALES. PAINTED IN 1790. This painting is something of a puzzle, for an inscription in the frame said it was by James Wales, an artist who is known, and "John Camden," one who is not. It has been suggested that "John Camden" is a *nom de guerre* for Joseph Farington, R.A., and that he painted the landscape and James Wales put in the figures. In that case the artist represented on the left may represent Farington.

With Fig. 2 we have deserted the polite world where gentlemen are so obviously gentlemen and have reached a region of home-spun popular art. The painter is James Pollard (1797-1859), who

age of thirty-nine.

I venture to warn owners of prints and pictures by any Alken not to enquire too closely into this exasperating family relationship. Henry's son, Henry George, has a habit of signing "H. Alken," like his father, and Samuel II. is supposed to have taken pains to pretend to be Samuel I. Quite frankly, the pursuit is more tedious than the subject merits, and most of us are content to look at the pictures themselves, which are lively enough and sometimes, as in this example, show a genuine understanding of the countryside, without bothering our heads as to who



FIG. 2. "THE 'PIKE AND ANCHOR' INN AT PONDER'S END, MIDDLESEX"; BY JAMES POLLARD (1797-1859), PAINTED IN 1834.

"Pollard is by no means a negligible artist, with a nice feeling for character, and he seems to me to have put down very neatly the atmosphere of a country pub near a stream," writes Frank Davis of this painting.

suppose, because their clients were not much given to fishing, though there are one or two excellent portraits by artists of the calibre of John Zoffany in which the subject is holding a fishing-rod, and there are a few groups by lesser men in which elegant ladies and gentlemen are posed by a lake a trifle self-consciously. One of these, which no doubt gave great satisfaction to every member of the party at the time, is illustrated in Fig. 1. Like the others on this page, it was in the collection of the late Arthur Gilbey, which was dispersed at Christie's in 1940. It is an odd little picture, and something of a puzzle, for an inscription on the frame said it was by James Wales (who is at least known, if not to any great advantage) and by John Camden, who is not. There is another picture of a somewhat similar scene at Bath, though with different figures. It has been suggested that the rather floppy trees in the background are in the manner of Joseph Farington, R.A., who is remembered to-day for his Diary full of contemporary gossip about painters and Royal Academy intrigues rather than for his pictures and drawings—and that while Wales was responsible

is probably best known to the present generation both here, and especially across the Atlantic, as the painter of those entertaining coaching pictures which, in an age of railways and aircraft, so easily capture our sentimental interest. Pollard is by no means a negligible artist, with a nice feeling for character, and he seems to me to have put down very neatly the atmosphere of a country pub near a stream. The scene is the "Pike and Anchor" at Ponder's End, Middlesex, and the date is 1834. But for the clothes it could very well be a picture of any little riverside pub on the Thames, or Medway or Lea a hundred years later—say, the hostelry where Mr. Polly found peace and satisfaction at last—and, now I come to think of it, it would have been a perfect illustration for the "Pickwick Papers," which



FIG. 3. "TWO ANGLERS FISHING FOR PERCH BELOW A WEIR"; BY SAMUEL ALKEN, PAINTED C. 1820. This painting, rather in the manner of the Norwich school, is "by way of being a serious landscape study," the two anglers being incidentals. It is by Samuel Alken, a member of that puzzling Alken family whose genealogy has not yet been firmly established.

Illustrations by courtesy of Christie's.

is who. After all, we are dealing not with great artists, but with minor illustrators—and very agreeable they can be. Paintings such as these are not easy to find. Prints are innumerable, good, bad and indifferent, so that enthusiasts for this most innocent of pursuits have no excuse for boredom during the off-season.



# SPEEDING POSTAL COMMUNICATIONS: AN AUTOMATIC SORTING MACHINE IN USE IN A BELGIAN POST OFFICE.



BELIEVED TO BE THE ONLY POST OFFICE IN THE WORLD WHERE SORTING IS DONE AUTOMATICALLY: OPERATORS SORTING LETTERS BY MEANS OF KEYBOARDS IN ANTWERP.

LOOKING DOWN ON THE SORTING MACHINE: THE LETTERS MOVE PAST THE OPERATOR ON A CONVEYER BELT, PAUSING IN FRONT OF HIM WHILE HE NOTES THE DESTINATION AND DEPRESSES A NUMBER ON THE KEYBOARD.



PAUSING IN FRONT OF THE OPERATOR: EACH LETTER IS STATIONARY FOR SUFFICIENT TIME FOR THE ADDRESS TO BE READ AND THE NUMBER OF THE TOWN RECORDED.

(ABOVE.) TRANSFERRING THE LETTERS FROM THE CONVEYER BELT TO THE READING DEVICE IN FRONT OF THE OPERATOR: A SUCTION ARM WHICH SEIZES THE LETTERS ONE BY ONE.

AN automatic sorting-machine stated to be the first of its kind in the world has been installed in Belgium in the post office at the Central Station in Antwerp. The machine was invented by Mr. F. Schreuer, a former post office official, who lives in Brussels, and was constructed by the Bell Telephone Manufacturing Company of Antwerp at the request of the Belgian Postal Administration. The machine, described as revolutionary in the postal service, comprises two separate units: the sorting and classification apparatus; and the electro-magnetic operating devices. The latter constitute what might be called the "magic brains" of the machine. When the letter stops in front

[Continued opposite.



THE END OF THE JOURNEY: THE LETTERS NOW CORRECTLY SORTED IN THE DESTINATION CASES AWAIT COLLECTION. WHEN A CASE IS FILLED, AN ALARM CIRCUIT WARNS THE SUPERVISION PERSONNEL.

(ABOVE.) CONTINUING ON ITS WAY: THE LETTER ABOUT TO LEAVE THE OPERATOR'S DESK AND ENTER THE TRANSFER DEVICE WHICH WILL CARRY IT TO ITS DESTINATION CASE.

Continued.] of the operator he notes its destination and, knowing from memory the number of the box reserved for it, depresses this number on his keyboard. Then, by means of electric circuits, the letter is removed from the transport band at the moment at which it reaches its correct destination case. The Bell machine enables a single operator in one hour to classify and sort 4200 letters for 300 different destinations; whilst a manual sorter can only classify some 1200 to 1600 letters for a maximum of sixty different destinations, making it necessary to have several successive sortings in order to complete the final classification. In fact, sorting by the Bell machine is four to five times faster than the manual operation.







# "FOR YOUR DELIGHT": THE BRILLIANT TEAM OF OUR REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS.



MR. FRANK DAVIS.  
"A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS."



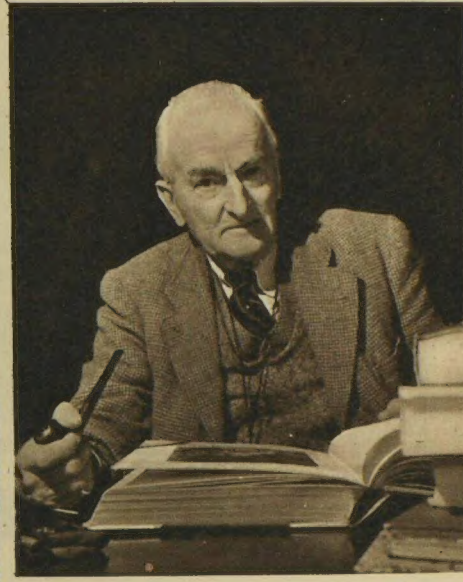
MR. J. C. TREWIN.  
"THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE."

THIS gallery of our regular contributors is given here for two purposes: first, that our old friends and regular readers may make a closer acquaintance with the ten men and one woman with whose words on so many subjects they are already familiar; and, secondly, that the casual reader of this issue may learn what a rich feast of wit, wisdom, curious information, acute criticism and sympathetic judgment is spread each week in *The Illustrated London News*

for the reader, as well as for the scanner of the weekly pictorial coverage of world and home news, art, archaeology and natural history, science and invention—to mention but a few of the paper's facets. Our policy always has been one of strict impartiality and our concern has been to impart information accurately and graphically, vividly yet with dignity. For many years, however, it has been our custom to give each week one page—Our Note Book page—to a great and balanced man of letters in which he might comment, freely, discursively and personally, on the world as it passes. After the death of the much-loved G. K. Chesterton, his place was taken on this page by the distinguished historian and man of letters, Dr. Arthur Bryant, who rightly takes the [Continued below, left.



MR. BARUCH H. WOOD.  
"CHESS NOTES."

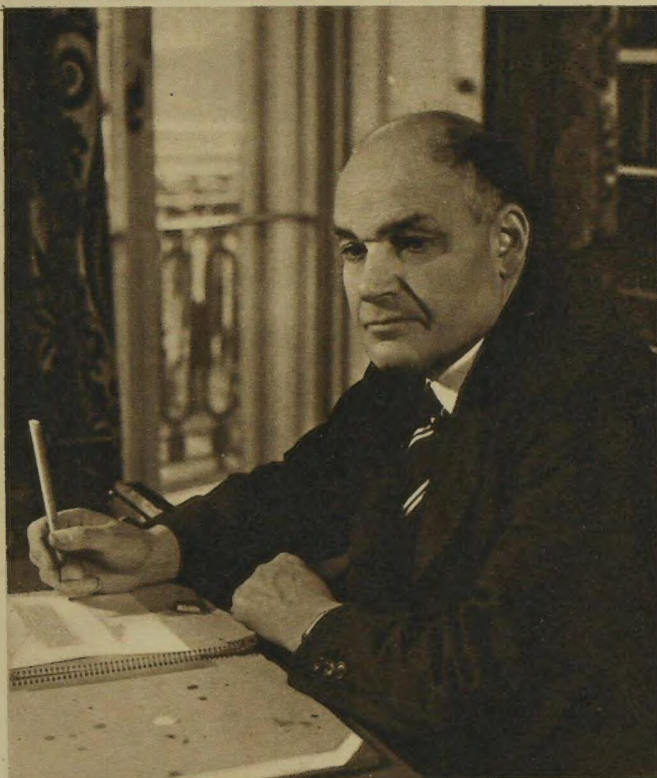


MR. CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.  
"IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN."

[Continued.] premier place among our contributors. Each week Sir John Squire, critic, poet, essayist and the best parodist of this era, writes an appreciation of a notable newly-published book; each week Captain Cyril Falls, Chichele Professor of the History of War and Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, writes on world and military affairs in a manner which has earned him the respect of experts all over the world. "The World" [Continued opposite.



CAPTAIN CYRIL FALLS.  
"A WINDOW ON THE WORLD."



DR. ARTHUR BRYANT.  
"OUR NOTE BOOK."

[Continued.] but it has already attained a very great popularity. Its contributor, Mr. Clarence Elliott, V.M.H., is known to all gardeners as collector, explorer, nurseryman and plantsman; and to all who have read his articles as the wisest, wittiest—and sometimes wickedest—of all writers on plants and gardens. Mr. Frank Davis has been writing "A Page for Collectors" for many years, and he covers a remarkably wide field; from the masterpieces of fine art which are the pride of nations, to the delightful piece that any of us may find with luck—and knowledge. Probably our oldest feature—with the most faithful following—is "Chess Notes," and in this weekly column

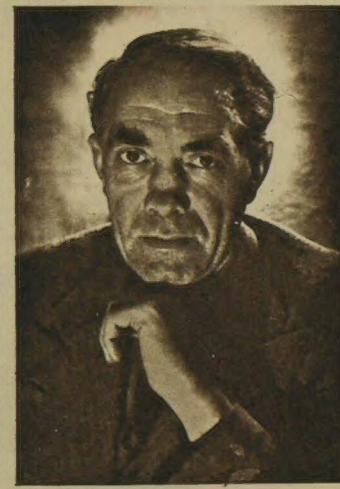
Mr. Baruch H. Wood discourses with a liveliness which tempts even the chess-ignoramus to read on. Books in general and fiction in particular are dealt with each week by, respectively, Mr. E. D. O'Brien and "Kay John" (Mrs. Romilly John), whose balanced and entertaining comments are worth the attention of every book-lover. The last but by no means least of this distinguished Eleven are Mr. J. C. Trewin and Mr. Alan Dent, who play Box and Cox, Mr. Trewin one week contributing "The World of the Theatre," Mr. Dent the next week "The World of the Cinema." Both are among the best known of modern critics; and both express opinions lively and acute with wit, style and panache.



MR. E. D. O'BRIEN.  
"BOOKS OF THE DAY."



MRS. ROMILLY JOHN.  
"NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER."



DR. MAURICE BURTON.  
"THE WORLD OF SCIENCE."



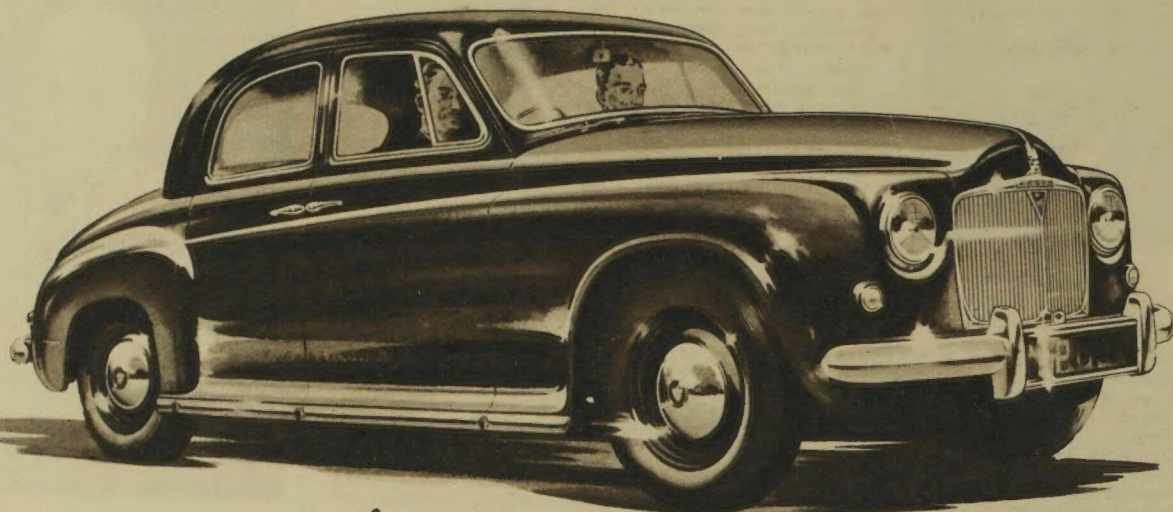
SIR JOHN SQUIRE.  
"AN APPRECIATION OF THE BOOK OF THE WEEK."

NEXT year will be historic in that it will see the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II., and "The Illustrated London News" will be recording the event in two Double Numbers worthy of the beautifully produced records of the three previous Coronations. This suggests that, more than ever, there could be no better gift—to a dear friend, within one's family, to a business associate and particularly to friends overseas—than a year's subscription to "The Illustrated London News." Every week the current copy will arrive and provide an hour of enjoyment and interest and, with its appearance, will come a happy and agreeable remembrance of the

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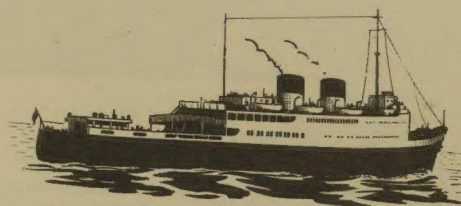
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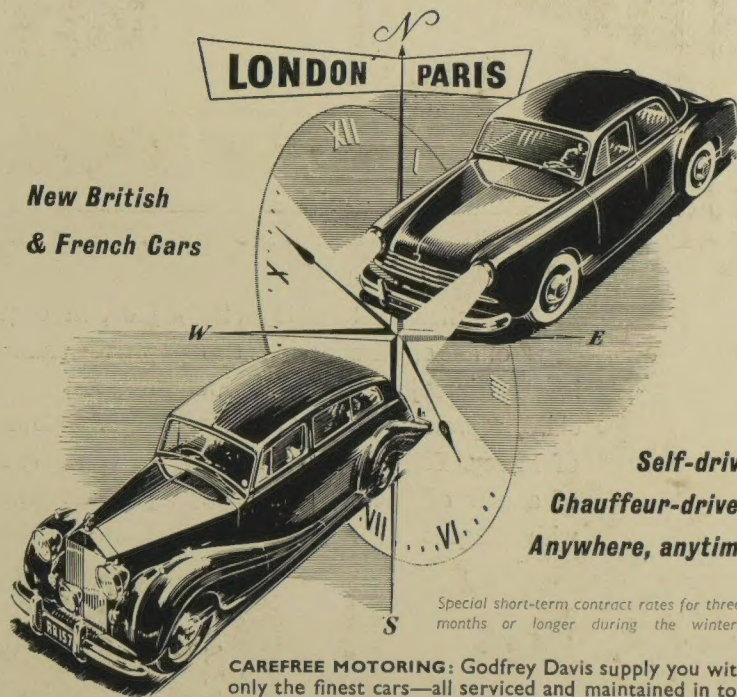
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